

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }
VOLUME LKVIII. }

No. 3707 July 24, 1915

{ FROM BEGINNING
VOL. CCLXXXVI. }

CONTENTS

I. Work, Women and Marriage. By Mrs. Archibald C. Colquhoun.	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	195
II. Dutch Neutrality. By En Vedette.	FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW	204
III. The Happy Hunting Ground. Chapter II. By Alice Perrin. (To be Continued.)		209
IV. An Unrecovered Poetess.	TIMES	216
V. The United States of Europe. By George Toulmin.	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	222
VI. Barham's Bow. By Captain Vere D. Shortt.	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	228
VII. Familiar Quotations. By Herbert G. Snowden.	BRITISH REVIEW	234
VIII. Mullins.	PUNCH	240
IX. Literary Reality. By Robert Lynd.	NEW STATESMAN	242
X. England to Pay for All. By a Neutral Observer.	TIMES	245
XI. The Organization of Invention.	NATION	247
XII. Detail and Dignity.	SATURDAY REVIEW	249
XIII. Birds. By Katharine Tynan.	NEW WITNESS	251
XIV. The Value of Sleep.	ACADEMY	253

A PAGE OF VERSE

XV. Song. By Lucy Nicholson.	CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL	194
XVI. To the Angels of Battle. By Leo Ward.	BRITISH REVIEW	194
XVIII. Troy: 1915. By Emma Gurney Salter.	LONDON TIMES	194
BOOKS AND AUTHORS.		255



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET. BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

For SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

SONG.

I find you in the wild unpeopled
places,

Where,—mile on mile, the heather-
land unrolls!

You smile in simple upturned flower-
faces

Which honest yellow sunlight au-
reoles!

The curlews crying on the windy
moors,

The glad larks singing in the blue,
have souls

Star-clear as yours!

I find you in the forest, where the
trees

Bend, dreaming, o'er the rillet, sea-
ward sped;

I see your graceful slenderness in
these,

I feel your touch in brown leaves
softly shed

On wistful golden afternoons; and
turn

To see the sweet curve of your
down-bent head

In grass and fern.

I find you best, I think, beside the
sea;

It breathes your very spirit—fresh
and clean,

Yet full of breath and light and
mystery,

Deepness on deepness, hidden and
unseen!

In the untrammelled tide you are
expressed

So well and warmly! Sea and sky
between,

I find you best!

Lucy Nicholson.

Chambers's Journal.

TO THE ANGELS OF BATTLE.

Spirits that stand among the shades of
Death,

Immutable amid a world of Change,
Ye heralds of a music from the deep—

From choirs of Life beyond our mortal
range—

Ye that have fill'd the souls of them
that die

With Music, that hath broken through
the spheres

And borne their spirits to Eternity,
Beyond the troubled rolling of our
years:

Look down upon the prison of our
tears,

And guide the souls on Earth who
honor them;

Lest these forget the hallow'd paths
they trod,

And break the choral harmonies of
God.

Leo Ward.

The British Review.

TROY: 1915.

To-day, while mightier conflicts shake
The plain where princely Hector fell,

What ancient echoes stir and wake
In Ilion's wind-swept citadel?

Where timbers charred and giant
stone

Witness her deathless story, Lo!

The clash of bronze, and, faintly
blown,

Her trumpets silenced long ago.

Pale warriors throng her battlements,
With ghostly whispers thro' the
gloom:

"Mark we again the Achaean tents
Encamped at great Achilles' tomb?"

Scamander rears his head to view
Untried encounters, portents dire,

Far other ships than Aias knew,
And monstrous birds whose flight is
fire.

(Sure from Mycenae's lion gates

One mighty spirit issued, when

That man-of-war burst thro' the Straits
Bearing thy name, thou King of
men!)

"What prize, O western sailors bold,
Seek ye of us? No more our joy,
Queen Helen, passes radiant-stoled
About the towered streets of Troy."

"Nay, Helen loved the alien nest,
Nor yearned to follow and be free
As doth that fairer bride we wrest
From hands reluctant—Liberty!"

Emma Gurney Salter.

The London Times.

WORK, WOMEN AND MARRIAGE.

The period through which we are passing may be likened to a tunnel—one of those long, dark subterranean passages under rivers or through mountain-sides into which the passenger is plunged, all unexpectant, his eyes still dazzled with the sunlight, after no more warning than a shrill shriek from the engine. We are blundering on in the darkness, and when we come out again into God's world it will be in a different country. The old landmarks will have gone. For many of us the sun will shine no more. I have been wondering how these changes will affect women, who, indeed, had been busily engaged in uprooting landmarks for some time before the War. We were watching with some anxiety the evolution of a new type and her efforts to adjust society to her own ideas. When the trumpets sounded and the men girt on their armor the women sank at once, and without a murmur, to a position of secondary importance, glad and proud if permitted by the male autocrats to perform some humble task in any department of war-work. The height of success was reached if one was requested by the representative of authority, no matter how far removed from the fountain-head, to undertake any task which he deemed suitable for amateurs or which, perhaps, he privately despaired of accomplishing with the material at his own command. Entrusted with such charges women performed miracles of improvisation, as is their wont, and although no unblinded observer of their war-work could fail to see faults, yet on the whole they have grappled successfully, and for the most part selflessly, with the problems presented to them. The few who, even in these dark days, mistake the limelight of the photographer for the sun-

light of fame, only bring into stronger relief the thousands all over the country who are quietly and methodically performing a vast amount of hard work.

With the continued demand for fresh fighting-men, moreover, we appear to be reaching a point at which women must, to a far greater extent than hitherto, replace men in the field of labor. The Government is forming a special register of women willing to enter certain trades, even if not previously employed as wage-earners. These trades are primarily, of course, essential to the conduct of war, and include the manufacture of munitions, but agriculture is also specially indicated as a suitable field for amateur labor. It is still uncertain what use the Government intends to make of the register thus obtained, nor is it clear how so varied a list of would-be workers, comprising women of every class and type, is to be satisfactorily sorted by the officials of the Labor Exchanges. Experience in the employment of women of the middle classes leads to the conviction that they cannot be handled in the mass, since they present the widest possible variations of capacity and temperament. Officials skilled in dealing with labor in large bodies will be confronted with a very different problem from any they have previously faced. Moreover what is needed for the type of labor indicated in the Board of Trade circular is not so much keen and trained intelligence as habits of industry and discipline. These, unfortunately, are not the distinguishing virtues of many of the women who, with patriotic zeal, have registered their names.

Whatever may be women's qualifications for various forms of work, however, no doubt exists that they must.

in a short time, be far more extensively employed all over the country than before the War. In the last census only four and three quarter millions out of fourteen and three quarter millions of females over ten years of age were returned as wage-earners, and this total included many who live at home and are really only partially self-supporting. The conditions of women's work differ in various parts of Great Britain. Only in certain districts, such as the cotton-spinning areas of Lancashire and Yorkshire and the jute-industry centres of Scotland, are married women extensively and regularly employed in factory work. In Scotland women, married and single, work on the farms and in the fields, whereas in Southern England they have forsaken even the dairy and hen-house. These local differences do not, however, affect the women of the middle classes, daughters of professional and commercial men. They, like the families of the small shopkeeper or minor official, are being more and more pressed by necessity into the labor market, but they despise manual labor as a rule and crowd chiefly into clerical work. In these classes marriage is nearly always a release from wage-earning.

The demand for female labor comes after a period of depression, which affected practically every class of wage-earning women, save those employed in work for the Services. From the highly qualified secretary of a political association which, perforce, has stopped its propaganda, to the typist in a City office or the girl who runs errands in a dressmaking establishment, the whole range of women's work was dislocated by the outbreak of war. It was obvious from the first that many of those who, in accordance with the spirit of the day, had specialized, were forced to realize that the demand for their specialty was dead

and not likely to be resuscitated for many months. The teacher of the latest dance or form of physical exercise, the worker in jewelry, rock gardener, breeder of toy dogs, curio-dealer—all the host which has ministered to the hobbies of the rich was suddenly faced with the fact that its patrons no longer have either time or taste for these luxuries. Women have the reputation for being adaptable, but they probably owe it to the fact that, until recently, they did not specialize. The specialist is rarely adaptable, and among women over a certain age one finds the least malleable material.

It is quite probable, therefore, that co-existent with the demand for women's labor we shall still find the unemployed woman, and it is only those who are still young enough to alter their mode of life who will cope successfully with the new conditions. At the same time it is to be hoped that the anomaly of unemployed women's relief work-rooms will be quietly done away with as quickly as possible. As a temporary expedient they may have been inevitable, but they are essentially uneconomic and tend to perpetuate the evil they are intended to combat.

Although there will certainly be more openings for women as a result of the War, it is premature to regard that result as a gain to woman as a whole; more particularly is it a very doubtful blessing to the girls of the middle class. Although one profession—that of medicine and surgery—offers an immediate and certain advance to women, since the drain on qualified men and hospital students will certainly cause a shortage in the next few years, yet that walk of life is one in which the length of training and the expense involved are a serious drawback to many women. In other professions, such as law, which is still practically closed, and architecture,

into which they were just entering, the supply at present is quite equal to the demand; indeed, there are many men, hitherto successful, who are unable to make a living. Authorship, journalism, art, music, have for many years known little distinction of sex, and men and women alike are suffering in these professions from war conditions, since books, pictures and music are luxuries to the majority of people.

A great deal is hoped, in certain circles, from the opening of a wider sphere of clerical work, especially in Government departments. Not only will death take toll of the men who have left these posts, but many of them will feel a distaste, after their months of soldiering, for these sedentary and monotonous occupations. The same is probably true of teaching, in those schools where there is a mixed staff, and both in clerical work and in Government-school teaching there is scope for women of all kinds and classes. But for the most part the introduction of female labor into such spheres is not an innovation; merely an increase in numbers. Whether by weight of numbers women will be able to combat prejudices and traditions which, as a rule, confine them to the less-paid and inferior grades of such work remains to be seen. That battle is only just beginning. In certain trades-unions women are the majority of members but the officials are all men. In Paris, on the contrary, one may see—or might have seen a year ago—a shop owned by a woman who employed her husband as cashier; but then Frenchwomen are so essentially womanly and tactful. It is a situation which few Englishwomen could handle successfully.

Emerging from our tunnel, then, we must expect to find women taking a greater share of the work on which society depends and in spheres hitherto chiefly occupied by men.

Many of them, who had never done regular serious work, have found in cooking for Belgian refugees, or mending and folding clothes, or washing up for a Red Cross Hospital, a greater measure of contentment and even of physical well-being than they have ever known before. They had always been active—for women of our race are seldom lethargic—but the nervous force which they were accustomed to expend in the pursuit of pleasure or on propaganda of a heterogeneous kind has been turned into other channels. It will be almost impossible for them to return to the old aimless life, and it is not too much to anticipate a general assertion on the part of the middle-class woman of "the right to work." Unless she is prepared, however, to be both catholic and democratic in her interpretation of the term she may ask in vain.

As a matter of fact the competition for unskilled or partly skilled labor among women is now so keen that the industrial woman can pick and choose, but there never was a time in which the casual worker of this class was less inclined to do extra work. Apart from the districts already enumerated it is not customary in Great Britain for married women as a class to be regular workers, though they may supplement a husband's earnings or support him when he is out of work. In this rank of life the separation allowance, often made up by employers, gives the wife and mother a better income than she has ever handled before. A case in point is personally known to me. A man earning 1*l.* per week, Reservist, is called to the Colors. His wife gets 16*s.*, plus his allotment of pay, 3*s.* 6*d.*, plus 10*s.* and food, which his employer gives her for partially taking her husband's place. Total, 29*s.* 6*d.*, and no food to find. Apart, however, from the separation allowances, which no one grudges, the billeting of

men all over the country has been a source of prosperity to the working classes, and many girls have been called home from service to share the work and the money. Consequently it is now easier to get a good cook at 50*l.* per year than a general servant at 20*l.*, and in parts of the country where the one-servant house is the rule the lamentations of would-be mistresses are louder than ever. With clothing and munition factory, agricultural work and domestic service all competing for unskilled labor, while family incomes are unusually regular and the principal consumer is absent, there is no doubt that the working-class woman is in a very strong position.

Not so the woman of the middle and professional classes, usually accorded the courtesy title of "educated." In this rank of life separation or maintenance allowances, even when supplemented by employers, have usually little relation to the normal income, and the latter in the case of many professional-class households is acutely affected by higher prices and increased taxation at the time when earnings are at their lowest. It is, moreover, in this class that the marriage prospects of the girls, not very roseate before the war, will be even worse. Emigration and the limitation of families has thinned the ranks of young men, and the tragic list of only sons who have lost their lives tells its own tale. What is to be the future of the girls of these families?

It was the realization of this problem which was largely responsible for the changes effected in middle-class education in the last half-century. So long as a domestic existence was the normal—almost the inevitable—lot, girls could be taught merely the domestic arts plus a few accomplishments. But with the growing possibility of a self-dependent existence came the claim that women should be

as well equipped as men for the economic struggle. With this battle still in progress came the further demand that all spheres of work should be opened, and now, with universal habits of industry created by war conditions, and with the demand of the Government for women to take men's places (if that demand is to materialize) we may well suppose that yet another *Przemysl* has fallen before the hosts of feminism who desire an open field for women as for men.

But, after all, is it not premature to draw this conclusion? Does not everything in our social conditions point to the fact that women are being asked to supply untrained labor, and is not that exactly what feminism has always deprecated? As we have already seen, the arts and professions (with the exception of medicine and, perhaps, teaching) which require most skill, or minister to the luxuries and refinements of life, are least in need of recruits, and it is as hewers of wood and drawers of water that the main demand on women is made. At the best they may hope to be called on to fill up the ranks of clerical workers in Government offices or commercial houses, but can we seriously rejoice over such a prospect as an exchange for the matrimonial prospects offered by the men who have gone?

Then there is the pressing question of agricultural labor. There are many imperative reasons for desiring to recruit it from among women. The depletion of the country-side which is so noticeable has as one of its causes the dreary social conditions caused by the migration of all the young women to the towns. Country life, even with hard work, is healthier for women than the factory, shop, or counting-house. And yet even a cursory examination of the question raises doubts as to the possibility of calling women to any extent "back to the land." The

project of diverting women of the "educated classes" into the agricultural sphere seems chimerical in view of the actual conditions of work and of housing. Even if such women can accommodate themselves to milking at three or four o'clock in the morning, how can they find suitable lodgings in neighborhoods where the housing of the laborer and his family is already an acute problem? If he has gone to the war, his wife and children remain. Some owners of country houses are said to have offered them for the accommodation of women agriculturists, but then the offer of a country house, whether for a Red Cross hospital, for Belgian refugees, or for "lady workers," is the sort of gift-horse whose teeth have to be carefully examined. In very few cases are such houses suitably situated for this particular purpose, and at best the proposal has about it a flavor of amateurishness fatal to any real success. Suggestions are also being made that increased wages must be offered to tempt women back to agricultural life, but, as a matter of fact, anyone who has had to do with women's work knows how small a part pecuniary considerations play. The manager of a tobacco factory which employs a large number of women and girls tells me that by no conceivable device can he persuade them to go on working after they have earned a certain sum, and the Commission which reported on several very low-paid industries throughout the country noted the prevalence of a wage standard, above which it was apparently a breach of local feminine etiquette to go! Migration from country to town is a psychological phenomenon, and is found to-day as much in new countries like Australia as in our own.

While farmers would probably resist, for a variety of obvious reasons, any attempt to introduce amateur workers of the "educated" class as farm

hands, they should welcome such efforts as are now being made in Berkshire, by a private committee working in conjunction with the Reading Agricultural College, to find and train suitable country-bred girls of the laborer class and to place them with dairy farmers. While it meets one need of the moment, however, this scheme does not touch the main problem of women's employment, for it increases the competition for the unskilled or rough type of work, which is at present sought for in so many spheres. Once again, the well-nurtured and "educated" woman may seek high and low for work, while the laborer's daughter can pick and choose.

But if there is one employment above all others in which this disparity of fortune is most evident, it is that of marriage. The proportion of working-class women who do not marry is inconsiderable. Among their (conventionally speaking) better-off sisters it is growing at an alarming rate. Yet the marriage rate of a class does not depend so much on the relative numbers of men and women as on social habits and customs. As I showed in an article in the March number of this Review for 1914,¹ the actual surplus of unmarried women over unmarried men between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five is small, and the real danger is the fall in the marriage rate. The fall in the marriage rate of the middle classes and the rise of the age of marriage has been continuous and progressive since 1881. The postponement of marriage by men means that when they choose a mate she must, if she is of true marriageable age, belong to a generation younger than their own, and this again means an increasing number both of comparatively young widows and of elderly spinsters. Women, it is true,

¹ "The Superfluous Woman: her Cause and Cure." *The Living Age*, May 16, 1914.

also marry later in life—too late, in many cases, for the interests of the race—but a woman's marriageable period is comparatively short.

In order to form any idea of the prospects of women after the War it is necessary to try to understand some of the causes of the prevalent and increasing tendency among the "educated" classes to postpone marriage. It is difficult, however, to be sufficiently brief for the purposes of this article without leaving out some important factor. The chief reasons may be classified as psychological, physical, and economic. The complex modern mind demands more from its mate—that is a theory beloved by women, and it is probably true of a fine type of man, but it does not fully account for the state of affairs. Man "mates" without any intellectual affinity. It is when he wants to "settle down" that his complex modern mind asserts its needs. In Athens the rôles were reversed. A man mated in marriage and then sought his mental diversions outside. The male psychology remains the same, and it is the wife who has triumphed over Aspasia, but if man outwits her by evading marriage altogether the triumph is short-lived. As to the second cause, the physical demands of nature are met either by (a) indulgence outside the pale of marriage, or (b) the cult of exercise or sport. This theory must also be viewed in the light of the increased physical exertions and decreased sexuality of the girls of the "educated" class. It is apparently not at all difficult for their male companions to avoid falling in love with them, but the same young men fall very easy prey to a different class of girl. The third reason is, to my mind, the most comprehensive. A wife in this rank of life is a luxury, whereas to a working man she is a necessity. In the Spartan age to which many of us must

resign ourselves luxuries must be eschewed, but the young man of the day had begun his self-denial before the War—he had, so to speak, "put down" wives and families. In the mood of seriousness begotten by war he may be inclined to see things in a truer perspective.

A great deal has been said and written about the selfishness of man in refusing to shoulder the responsibilities of marriage, but the demands of an average girl of the "educated" class, her standard of living, her taste in amusements, and her domestic incompetence, are some excuse for the careflessness of the bachelor. For such a state of affairs no remedy exists save a social revolution. If people who can set the standards will adopt a simpler mode of life, and train their young people in it, the movement will spread downwards, and here the influence of war-work will be most beneficial. Simpler habits have already been acquired, the quest for pleasure has been abandoned, in some cases for ever, and real life has been unfolded to eyes which never before had seen anything but trappings and gildings.

It is all to the good, too, that prudence and calculation have been flung for once to the winds and young hearts have come together under the shadow of war. Nature has had her way with many young folks in the last few months, and when we think how she has been starved and pinched and poked into the strait-jacket of worldliness in the last half-century, since love-in-a-cottage went out of fashion, it is good to think that she has come into her own again. These love matches mean modest homes for many a lad and lass who might otherwise have waited till all the bloom was off life, and only the loaves and fishes remained. Let us hope that they will set an example, and that it will come to be considered creditable, instead of

idiotic, to be young, and poor, and in love with life and with each other.

At the present time, and for the last eight months, Nature has had very much her own way in a different rank of life from that which chronicles its war weddings in the *Morning Post*. The stern moralist must reflect that a country which depends on emotional appeal to raise its Army, and then, having secured the flower of its manhood by such appeal, sends them to train for six months or so far from their homes and among admiring women, must expect certain consequences. The consequences are coming in their thousands, and ought, in the interests of the nation and in justice to our fighting men, to be provided for. These, after all, are the outcome of very different circumstances and emotions from the sordid stories of the slums and crowded streets which preface many illegitimate births. At the same time woman as a sex will be badly served if ill-judged sentimentalism elevates these "war-mothers" into heroines. Each case will need to be treated on its merits, but if marriage is to retain any place in our social system public opinion must continue to make the position of an unmarried mother inferior to that of a wife. This is not the place in which to discuss the question, which is at last receiving public attention, but it appears that accommodation outside the Poor Law, and very special efforts to provide a chance of a healthy and useful existence for both mother and child, are among the immediate necessities of a day which makes never-ending calls on the ingenuity and service of its non-combatants.

In the discussions as to the future which now take place wherever two or three women are congregated together it is a commonplace to hear the most respectable matrons advocating without a blush either the adoption of

polygamy or some form of what used to be called free love. Women have a marvellous faculty for detachment in discussing these questions, for it is practically certain that the upholder, in the abstract, of these heterodox doctrines is not only a model of respectability but would be exceedingly shocked at the behavior of the young woman whose conduct has been glanced at in the preceding paragraph, should that young woman chance to be in her service. Probably our revolutionist subscribes to the funds for providing female police to look after the morals of the camps! The arguments against polygamy or free love need not, however, be founded on any high moral grounds, for in truth they rest chiefly on the feelings and prejudices of women. "The history of monogamous marriage," says Westermarck, "is the history of a relation in which women have been gradually triumphing over the passions, the prejudices, and the selfish interests of man"; it enjoys a position of security only to be attained by institutions which are the result of crystallized experience. When it is seriously suggested that men who can afford more than one family or establishment should be encouraged to do so as a patriotic duty, the fact is overlooked that if a man has the desire and the means for this form of multiplied domesticity he probably indulges it without any patriotic stimulus. It would solve no social difficulties, and merely complicate the psychological ones, if the wife *en titre* were expected to ask the other ladies to tea. The real difficulty, however, is not to persuade a man to have several wives and families but to get him to have one.

The other claim put forward is that women who may not have an opportunity of marriage, or may not want to be permanently embarrassed with a husband, should be permitted by social

codes to have a child if they are in a position to provide for one. The qualification is introduced to meet the obvious objections to starting a child in life without any prospect of being able to keep it without help from the State. The advocates of this qualified "right" to maternity are not prepared to accept the logical claim for State endowment of motherhood which arises if the father is not obliged to support his offspring. There is a pathos in the proposition which sometimes blinds one to its absurdity. Who is to decide as to the ability of a woman to provide for a child? Probably the very fact of maternity will impair her powers of provision, but in any case must she prelude her adventure by taking out a certificate? Other more ridiculous sides of the proposal are obvious, but chiefly it is founded on a misconception of woman's needs. The lonely woman often thinks it is only a child she lacks to make her life complete and fill her empty heart, but it is quite as much, nay far more, a mate that she really wants. The conclusive argument, however, is that a child has a right to two parents, and that deliberately to start him in life with only one is to cheat him of a birthright, and to take a responsibility which nature never intended to place on one pair of shoulders.

It is a singular thing that this claim, which is frequently discussed by women of the most serious character, should synchronize with the refusal or limitation of maternity by many married women. Observation leads me to believe that these modified free-love proposals are seldom either held or advanced by women to whom marriage and maternity is still a possibility. So long as sex attraction retains its true and normal relation to the question of child-bearing the healthy-minded woman will hope for a true union, spiritual as well as physical,

and will not degrade maternity to a mere act of reproduction, while the sexually frigid woman will have no natural longings. A great deal of the strange talk that one hears among women on these subjects is due to the decrease of sexuality among the "educated" class. There are many women, young and attractive, who, so far as feeling is concerned, are absolutely neuters. They cannot understand love, and for that reason while they may desire maternity for motives of policy, duty, or self-interest, the whole subject has neither mystery nor romance for them, and is simply thought of as the price to be paid for an assured position and an establishment.

In the *Nineteenth Century* for March appeared two articles on the birth-rate, which afforded an interesting commentary on each other. The "Passing of the Child" is conclusively shown by Dr. Brend to be the result not of poverty but of prosperity, while Mrs. Richardson,² with much plausibility, claims for the professional classes that prudence and parental care make small families inevitable. There is, however, a distinction to be drawn between the small family and the one-child family, which is practically no family at all, since two persons come together and leave only one behind. The prevalence of the one-child family in well-to-do circles is not always the result of deliberate intention but sometimes of too late marriage, yet a large number of cases must occur to everyone, among their own acquaintances, of families which could very well have afforded to bring up at least four children, where one or at most two are found. Again, the standard of living of the parents—habits acquired in early life—make any diminution in their personal expenditure or alteration in their mode of life appear like a hardship,

² "The Professional Classes, the War, and the Birth-rate."

and it is this, far more than the future of their children, which really weighs with the majority. Were it really their child's welfare they think of, they would realize that the disadvantages of being an only child are so great that it would be hard to imagine what could compensate for them. Of course, when a woman can neither bear nor rear children without the aid of an army of expensive experts the economic question is an immediate one, but that is as much her fault as her misfortune.

While one cannot too strongly deprecate the view of matrimony as a means of obtaining a living without working for it—a view far more prevalent in recent materialistic days than in the despised Victorian age of sentiment, domestic duties, and large families—it is to be hoped that the increased economic independence of women will not be used as a further impediment to home and family life. This will be the case if feminists succeed in imposing the view that the home should be supported by both partners, the wife working outside the home as a matter of course, after marriage as before, and only taking a few months off for the purposes of increasing the population. This system is more usual in France than in any other country, for the proportion of married women employed there in gainful work is exceptionally high, and although no one would attribute the low birth-rate in France to any one cause the coincidence of the working mother and the one-child family is too striking to be accidental. After all it is a question of common sense. Found a family on an income earned by two, and then withdraw one breadwinner for a period of two, three or more months. The period would be at least a year if she performed her duties fully. The dislocation in the domestic economy of that home would

be too great to be endured more than once or at most twice. There has recently been an outcry against the refusal of certain public bodies to employ married women, for instance as teachers; and one of the "conditions" imposed by the Suffrage societies as the price of their co-operation in the special register of female labor is the withdrawal of all "penalties" as to marriage, such as are imposed by some Government bodies on their employees. It would be interesting to inquire as to the average number of children among married women teachers.

A fallacious argument is founded on the superior comfort and advantages accruing to the family if a woman is free to follow a lucrative occupation. This is true, perhaps, for the childless or one-child family, but no material consideration can outweigh the disadvantages where a young family must be left to hired care. As good servants become rarer and more expensive this difficulty will increase.

The most striking illustration of the effect of married women's employment on the birth-rate is to be found in the comparison of the rates, both of birth and of infant mortality, between the cotton operatives and the coalminers. Dr. Brend³ used these figures to illustrate "the passing of the child" in order to show that prosperity was not the only cause of the limitation of families, since the rate of wages per family is much the same in both districts. They testify equally to the effect on the family of the industrial employment of wives and mothers. Incidentally, it may interest Dr. Brend to know that no secret is made by Lancashire women as to their customs. "Tha should ha' coom to B— sooner," said one of them in my hearing to the mother of eight children, "then tha'd ha' knawed better!"

³ "The Passing of the Child," Nineteenth Century and After, March 1915.

In any attempt to utilize women's labor which the Government may be moved to make, it is, therefore, to be hoped that they will draw a strong distinction between young married women and those who are single or beyond the age of child-bearing. After all, there is no employment to which women can be put of more importance to the State than that of wifehood and motherhood.

As for the middle-class or "educated" girl and her prospects, there are some advantages reaped already from war conditions. Romance has once more raised its head. Habits of industry have been formed which may help her to reconstruct a sweeter, simpler ideal of married existence. In her eagerness for service she forgot her carefully cultivated ladyhood and became just a woman. The country wanted her hands, for it had need only of a limited number of brain-workers, and so she stooped to conquer. One who has cooked, or washed dishes, or scrubbed floors for love and patriotism in the past has killed one of the dragons which have long stood in her path. She will make, *inter alia*, a better colonist's or settler's wife for the many hundreds of our young men who, when the War is over, will never come back to the narrow if cushioned life in our beautiful, crowded little islands. The girls must go too. Emigration must be one of the principal outlets for the new type of girl after the War—the girl who will never again be content with shams but wants life

The Nineteenth Century and After.

—hard and raw perhaps, but real and vital.

In the idle, self-indulgent, petted existence of a vast number of "educated" women lay a great danger to our sex and to the State. Mrs. Richardson's picture of the careful and harassed professional man's wife is only a half-truth. On the other side of the shield see the thousands who, day in day out, crowd the great shopping centres, not purposeful, but simply to fill in the morning hours. For these an army of poorer women has toiled all day and every day, that they may be as the lilies of the field; but with the democratization of society which has proceeded apace in the last eleven months will come a redistribution of female labor. The professional classes cannot afford so many idle mouths. Will they seek work anywhere but in their own homes, and find every service tolerable save the one that is paid in love only? Surely not!

War tears aside our pretences, shatters our elaborate artifices, and brings us back to the real things, the things that matter. Men and women alike need the lesson, but it is women, especially the more favored of their sex, who must point the way. And here let me end on a note struck by a little "Early Victorian" mother in a letter which I read the other day. She has three big fighting sons serving their country. "Hurrah for women!" she wrote, "and hurrah for being the mother of men!"

Ethel Colquhoun.

DUTCH NEUTRALITY.

In the present gigantic European struggle, in which ten countries are already engaged, the position of the neutrals is extremely difficult, and for no State is it fuller of anxiety and

peril than for Holland. The reasons for this are not obscure. The war has raged round her frontier, and will shortly be raging there again. The whole of her frontier is undefended,

with the exception of the forts covering Arnhem and the Rhine passage, and there is no reason to believe that their armament is superior to, if indeed it equals that of, Liège and Antwerp. Holland lies exposed, therefore, to immediate, and in the first place seemingly irresistible, attack in the event of a rupture with Germany, and she knows from the treatment of Belgium what a German invasion means. It requires no demonstration, therefore, that the injury would have to be very great, the insult very flagrant, that would impel Holland to quarrel with and make war on Germany. For ten months the Dutch Government has lived in the persuasion that neither injury nor insult would be offered. It has scrupulously preserved its neutrality, it has to a great extent supported the representations of the United States as to the general rights of neutrals, and, by so doing, it has rendered many useful services to Germany. That the neutrality of Holland was especially advantageous to Germany passed into a current belief which no one in or out of the Netherlands seriously questioned.

The Dutch people are not so simple as they appear to be, and Governments have many ways of receiving premonitions of a change in the intentions of a neighbor. Despite official statements in both the Hague and Berlin that the attitude of Germany has not altered towards Holland, an uneasy feeling has sprung up in the latter country based upon a suspicion that the German military and naval authorities are coming round to the view that the neutrality of Holland has served its turn and is now rather an obstruction than an aid. The idea that under no circumstances would Germany make war on Holland has recently been shaken both here and among the Dutch and a reconsideration of the whole situation will bring out some reasons for think-

ing that such a hitherto discredited contingency may actually take place, and that very shortly.¹

Notwithstanding occurrences which seem to us to point in another direction, the Germans are still confident that they are going to win the present war, not as completely and easily as they expected in the first place, but still sufficiently well to secure for them an advantageous peace. But to attain this end they are convinced that the one thing essential is to cripple England. The submarine blockade, or whatever piratical attacks on our merchantmen may be called, has not given all the results that were expected; but at least it has shown that for a desperate Power, with neither goods of its own nor reputation to be lost, there may be something more in it than an idle menace. But if it is to produce a great effect it is clear that Germany must be able to use the mouths of the Scheldt, the Meuse, and the Rhine. She is prohibited from using them because they are all held by Holland. In calculating for what would secure big results, we know that Germany does not stand upon trifles. Her calculations may prove wrong, but at least she has never hesitated to take the risk. Provided she has come to the conclusion that the only way to hit this country hard is from the side of Holland, it may be safely assumed that the rights of that country and the feelings of her people will count for very little in the argument.

At the present moment we are led to believe that Zeebrugge, at the entrance of the ship canal to Bruges, is the principal German submarine station; and it seems to be a fact that new submarines on completion at Antwerp and in Germany are sent there by the railways and canals. Leave

¹ The sinking of the "Katwyk" by a torpedo from a submarine, presumably German, has caused profound indignation in Holland.—(Ed., F.R.)

may be taken to doubt the absolute accuracy of this assertion, and with regard to the new and large type of submarine they are far more likely to be based on the Elbe and Emden; but at all events Antwerp and the Scheldt are useless for the principal part of the offensive against us. Why are they useless? Holland bars and closes the door. One course would be to invite Holland to enter into an alliance with Germany, and it is conceivable that feelers in that direction have been thrown out and alarmed the dove-cots of the Hague. The other is to compel her by force to give up the control of her rivers and coasts by a sudden attack in overwhelming numbers. This procedure will seem incredible to those who have persuaded themselves that Germany is in a bad way, but, if she herself thinks otherwise, a bold and unscrupulous adventure of this nature would commend itself to her mind as likely to give her the material advantage she requires and expects.

As the base for submarine attacks in the Channel on a large scale, Antwerp and the Scheldt are indispensable to the Germans. They possess Antwerp, they are even using the Cockerill works at Hoboken for the manufacture of submarines or at least for their repair, and yet the Dutch hold on the Scheldt deprives that position of its real value and importance. But the obstruction of the Dutch is not confined to the Scheldt. They are obstructive not through intentional hostility to Germany, but by the simple fact of the confirmation of their territory. Owing to the interposition of Dutch Limburg, Germany cannot use the two main lines of railway crossing the Meuse at Maestricht and Roermond. The former of those lines gives direct access to Louvain from Aix-la-Chapelle, and the latter from Gladbach and Dalheim to Antwerp itself. At the beginning of the war it

was fully believed that the value of these direct communications would outweigh the desire to spare Dutch feelings and to respect her territory. But in practice the passages of the Meuse between Liège and Visé having sufficed to enable Germany to complete her plan of overrunning Belgium, the project of including Holland in the first campaign was dropped, and as long as Germany hoped to establish herself at Calais and Boulogne there seemed no necessity to revive it.

The failure of her designs on the French coast, and the inadequacy of Zeebrugge, which is besides exposed to the risk of loss at any time, have led to a revision of the views that prevailed in the first place. The vastly superior position of Antwerp has forced itself on the minds of German strategists, and, moreover, it is held more firmly than any position on the coast could be. But for its natural advantages to be used with full effect its outlet by the Scheldt must be open, and its means of communication with Germany must be all available. In both points the neutrality of Holland blocks the way. These are the main considerations which are impelling Germany to swoop down upon her little neighbor; but once such a contingency is taken into serious consideration other attractions may be discovered to favor a prompt decision. In the next phase of the war, which is now on the eve of commencing, it may be most essential for Germany to possess as many lines of communication with the western field as possible, and they must of necessity pass over Holland. Two of these have been mentioned, but we must remember that there are very important bridges over the Meuse at Venlo, Gennep, Mook, and Nijmegen, not to mention minor points, and all of these are flanked by the densely populated German region of Westphalia. At present the

corps and reservists at Wesel, Munster, Düsseldorf, Geldern, and other centres have to be moved south to enter Belgium by the one main gateway of Verviers and Liège. The decision to regard Holland in common with Belgium as a road rather than a country would bring the new German armies within a few hours by train of Rotterdam, Flushing, and Antwerp, which may be named as their three principal destinations.

These are the projects with which the German authorities are now toying. We may feel sure that once they are sanctioned there will be no delay in carrying them into execution. It will not be necessary for them in the first place to attack the water-line defences which have been called Holland Fortress. They do not block the railroads or the bridges we have mentioned. They do not fulfil a rôle like that of Liège. They are rather a place of final stand for the protection of Amsterdam.

There is every reason to believe that the Dutch Government, while making the usual official assurances to the contrary to allay public apprehension, has become uneasy as to German intentions. In such a situation Governments have two recognized ways of ascertaining the truth. They show either firmness or weakness in regard to the matters of relatively trivial importance which are always pending between neighboring States. The attitude selected means either we intend to stand up for our rights, or we admit that we are so weak that you can do what you like. In this instance Holland has adopted the former course, and it is not the one that Germany expected, because at the beginning of the war the Dutch Government had formed the conclusion that Germany was certain to win. Germany still clings to that belief, but Holland is taking leave to trim her sails, because

the course of the struggle has convinced her that in the end Germany must be overthrown and destroyed. She discerns the early symptoms of exhaustion, and in a war of this character exhaustion means annihilation! At the moment when Germany deemed Holland to be only a kitchen-maid she has been furnished with proof that she intends to be mistress in her own house.

Visibly—that is to say, in official documents that can either be published now or in due course—it is only the Dutch Government that has made any move at all; the *démarches* of Germany are wrapped in secrecy. Holland has protested at Berlin about some of her sunken ships, about the reckless passage of Zeppelins and Taubes over her territory, and about frequent violations of her sovereign rights with regard to the semi-German railway enclosure at Venlo. But her protests extend also to precise matters. The question has been asked: Why are there so many German troops at Gellenkirchen, Dalheim, Kaldenkirchen, Geldern, and Goch? The action of the Dutch Government has not been confined to questions elsewhere. It has taken formal action asserting its own rights of jurisdiction. For eight months the North German Lloyd steamer *Main* had been allowed to remain in the offing of Flushing under Dutch protection. It was recently ordered to quit, and at the moment of writing it seems to have left for Antwerp. These more emphatic Dutch proceedings are interesting as showing that Holland, like Belgium, has an independent soul which she wishes to preserve, but to the practical man they are still more significant as indications that the Dutch wish to find out what Germany is thinking of doing at their expense.

With regard to German steps against Holland, she is not likely to

move until she has made all the preparations for the rapid concentration of her newest submarines at Antwerp, Rotterdam, and perhaps Flushing. In the meanwhile she would play with the Dutch Government. Germany no longer hopes that Holland, any more than the United States, will prove malleable in her fingers. The question of cold calculation remains as to the best moment in Germany's own interests for the application of force. Dutch resistance to this pressure has been evinced at an earlier stage than was expected in Berlin. It remains to be seen whether it will have the effect or not of precipitating German action. On the other side Holland, having begun to maintain a firm attitude with regard to Germany's various acts of high-handedness, may in face of any fresh provocation reveal such determination as shall precipitate a rupture. The capacity of German Kultur in the individual or the State for rudeness being illimitable the moment when one may take legitimate offence can never be foretold, and consequently the Dutch may find themselves exposed at any moment to receive or return a slap in the face from their tyrannical neighbors.

The Germans are persuaded that the resistance of the Dutch to their passage across Holland would not be more formidable or more successful than that of the Belgians, who, moreover, possessed a strong barrier fortress in Liège. But in this assumption they may be mistaken, for many reasons, and not the weakest part of the argument is in considering the forces which may cross the Dutch frontier in this or next month as the equal of those who broke into Belgium in August and forced their way to the Marne and the Aisne. We must also remember that the Dutch are not unprepared. Their active army and their landwehr have been mobilized during

the last ten months, and the constant training in the field which has formed part of the mobilization has made the Dutch army far more efficient than it ever was before. In August the Belgian troops were attacked half-ready and before they had got their wind. If Holland had been attacked at that time it would have been the same thing. But now, it is different. The Dutch military authorities have not been idle; never before has Holland had an army so ready to take the field, and at the least it numbers 300,000 effectives.

But the Dutch Government has another strong reason for ascertaining as quickly and as clearly as possible the extent and character of German designs at its expense. In the new phase of the war that is about to begin, it must know how to shape its course without falling between two stools. It will not answer for it to be on the side of the Allies for the first half of the week, and on that of Germany for the rest of it. Its only way of salvation is absolute independence, but it must be an independence ready to assert its dignity in the face of provocation. There are many indications that the Dutch Government is fully alive to the duties as well as the perils of the hour, and that it is getting ready to show that Holland is worthy of her past.

Some years ago a Dutch naval officer said to the present writer: "I like to see Germany strong, and I like to see England strong, for therein lies the safety of Holland." In a sense he has had his wish. Germany was strong, but she has abused her strength and used it for the destruction of her neighbors, and if no impediment intervened, Holland would share their fate. But there is, happily for the world and for the cause of liberty throughout it, the strength of England and her Colonies and her In-

dian Empire, and the sources of that strength are still intact, and thus Germany, for all her vaunting and daring, cannot prevail. Holland may not be able to avoid the critical decision which other neutrals must come to almost at once, but she more than any of them must feel assured that at all costs and at every sacrifice she can count on England standing by her.

This assurance is an argument not for Holland to offer provocation to Germany, but for taking all possible steps to ascertain promptly and unequivocally what are Germany's intentions towards her. The most rigorous censorship is enforced in Holland, and a close veil is drawn over the frontier region; but notwithstanding these precautions it is known that the con-

The Fortnightly Review.

centration of newly formed army corps close to the Dutch frontier at several points has been on a scale to cause local alarm and to warn the Government of the approach of danger.

Holland is being compelled to recognize the limited benefits of neutrality during a war of the present nature which is really a great upheaval of humanity that will leave behind it a changed world for better or worse. But she is also being compelled to recognize the approach of an unsuspected danger, for she had persuaded herself that she at least was safe against a ruthless German attack. In that hour of trial, if it comes, her one sure stay will be the loyal support and co-operation of this country.

En Vedette.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND.

CHAPTER II.

On the Sunday following their arrival from India the Francis Wendovers refused to go to church. Rose said she had no clothes and must write letters; Francis stated baldly that he did not want to go; and they stayed at home by the fire.

Caroline, though a little shocked, was not surprised, for the sky was sullen and a bitter wind, that might have come direct from the North Pole was twirling the chimney cowl, tossing grit and rubbish into the air, and violently hastening or impeding the progress of people in the streets. She, of course, went to church, as usual, with her grandparents. They attended a large church in the middle of a neighboring square. Sir James Wendover carried round the plate, and was a churchwarden. His plentiful white hair, large nose, and ruddy skin, and blue eyes shining through his spectacles, made him a conspicuous figure

at the Sunday morning service. He would stand tall and stiff at the end of his pew, holding his prayer-book loosely, swaying a little to and fro, gazing about him with calm unconcern and a detached air of authority. He was much esteemed and admired by the faithful congregation, which included a large number of retired Anglo-Indians—indeed, the popular Vicar, whose name was Sawyer, felt he was almost an Anglo-Indian himself because he had a brother who was a missionary at Delhi. He found them satisfactory as parishioners, fair churchgoers, charitable as far as their means would permit; a respectable and decorous portion of his flock, though perhaps not quite as enthusiastic as he could have desired.

His daughter was Caroline Gordon's friend, and this morning Caroline had wished to invite May Sawyer to return with her to luncheon after the service. But Lady Wendover objected

rather querulously. She thought it would make too many, with so much extra work in the house already; May could quite as well come on a week-day, when they had no party; as it was, the cook had begun to hint that she was overworked, which, of course, was ridiculous, but it would never do to have to make a change before Francis and Rose went back to India . . . and so on. All this, on the way home, as they battled with the wind, was received by Caroline with dutiful acquiescence, though she felt a little injured.

Preoccupied with the small grievance, she hurried upstairs to take off her hat and coat, forgetting for the moment that she had been evicted from her own bedroom for the benefit of her aunt. Therefore, she flung open the door without recognition of her mistake until she saw Mrs. Wendover seated in front of the looking-glass, a powder puff poised in her hand. Caroline halted abruptly. "Oh, I'm sorry, Aunt Rose; I didn't remember—"

"All right," Aunt Rose said amiably. "Come in. Is anything the matter? You seem rather agitated."

Mrs. Wendover thought her husband's niece looked uncommonly pretty, despite her ruffled expression—as pretty as she herself had once been before India, and hot weathers, and fever had dulled her complexion and taken the light from her eyes, and the sheen from her hair.

"What is it? Shut the door and tell me."

Caroline shut the door and advanced into the room, blushing. She blushed very easily, and to her it was a tiresome affliction that caused her much annoyance.

She admitted: "Yes, I'm afraid I was feeling a little cross. I know it is very silly and unreasonable, but I was put out because Granny didn't want me to ask my friend May Saw-

yer to luncheon. I wanted to ask her to come back with us after church. We are going to the Albert Hall concert together this afternoon, and I thought it would have made no difference just to lay another place—"

She came and stood by the dressing-table, overtaken with a sudden impulse to confide in Aunt Rose, who, she felt instinctively, was liberal in her notions, and not easily horrified.

Mrs. Wendover pressed the puff back into the silver powder-box. "It doesn't sound much to be cross about, certainly. I suppose you could have her here to tea after the concert?"

"Oh yes, of course. But—you know—" She hesitated, then continued recklessly, "I hate these Sunday luncheon parties—all old people, never anybody near my own age—"

Rose Wendover regarded the girl with attention. Hitherto she had accepted her presence without direct thought. Caroline had been a quiet child last time they were at home, and living with elderly people, as she had done from infancy, it would not seem unnatural that she should grow up unimaginative, content with her life—with her needlework, a walk with the dog, with the friendship of the clergyman's daughter, with concerts at the Albert Hall. What else was there for a girl brought up in Caroline's circumstances, amid surroundings that were physically comfortable, but that admitted of no expenditure on gaiety or change?

But Rose Wendover recognized suppressed discontent in Caroline's voice and demeanor, and the situation became interesting. It occurred to Mrs. Wendover that, had Caroline the opportunity, it was possible she might get into mischief! Incidentally she felt thankful she had no girls to bring up.

"Don't you know many young people?" she asked, fishing warily for Caroline's confidence.

The girl blushed again. She was elated by the elder woman's encouragement, yet felt in a measure that it was disloyal to disclose her mental unrest. She looked down, and fidgeted with a china tray on the dressing-table.

"I only know May Sawyer, and some of her friends. I have been to one or two subscription dances with her, but the girls all come with their own parties, and they don't introduce their partners. Granny won't let me take a partner; she says it isn't nice. She objects to my going to subscription dances at all."

Caroline raised her eyes doubtfully, to note whether her aunt agreed with her grandmother; but Mrs. Wendover only looked covertly amused, and gazed at her own reflection in the glass.

"How about private dances?"

"None of the people we know give dances," said Caroline. "But I have been taken to three altogether, and I think they were worse. I didn't know a soul!" She paused. "I was asked to one the other day, which I think I might have enjoyed, but Granny didn't want me to accept, because the people are not—are rather vulgar, I think." She paused again, then added: "I suppose in India there are many more men than girls?"

Mrs. Wendover laughed. "Men are almost as scarce in the big places nowadays as they are in England, or, rather, girls are almost as numerous!"

"Anyway," argued Caroline, "I imagine a girl doesn't go to a dance with the prospect of getting no partners at all?"

"It depends on the girl," said Mrs. Wendover.

Secretly she was not altogether surprised that Caroline failed to attract attention at dances. She was, no doubt, greatly handicapped by having

so small a circle of young friends, by going out so seldom and so spasmodically, and by the fact that no effort was made to obtain amusement for her. A girl in Caroline's position would have to be unusually attractive to counteract these drawbacks; and though Caroline was really pretty, she lacked style and distinction, and did not know how to dress herself. Probably in a crowd she would be completely overlooked.

"Of course," Mrs. Wendover added, "in an Indian station we all know each other more or less well, and going out and entertaining isn't the hideous expense it seems to be in England. Money goes further."

Caroline looked grave. "Yes, I know it all costs a lot and that we can't afford it, so I don't talk like this to Granny—it would only worry her. Grandpapa says that is one of the differences between life in England and in India—in India nobody thinks about money, in England nobody thinks of anything else! Aunt Rose, I don't mean to be horrid and discontented. I am really quite happy, but sometimes I feel restless; and to-day I suppose I lost my temper about the luncheon party, and that made me say all these things." Her voice wavered in pathetic self-reproach.

"I can quite understand," Rose sympathized, "and you haven't said anything so very terrible. Cheer up! I believe there is one young man coming to luncheon to-day, so the party won't be quite so prehistoric as usual. You'd better put on your prettiest frock, and be thankful May Sawdust is not to come, so that you can have him all to yourself."

Caroline winced. "I didn't mean that I wanted to run after men," she said defensively.

Rose Wendover laughed, and turned again to the looking-glass. Caroline felt herself dismissed.

But after the girl had left the room Mrs. Wendover did not at once resume her interrupted occupation of improving her appearance. She gazed in meditation at her own face reflected in the mirror. . . . She was thirty, little more than ten years Caroline's senior, and yet, she thought with bitter exaggeration, as far as looks went, she really might be her *great-aunt*! It was India, hateful, horrible India, that had done it. In England many women of her age still looked like girls, with fresh complexions, shining hair, bright eyes—unworried by health, untried by climate, not concerned over pay and promotion for their husbands; they had maids and motors, and exquisite clothes and jewelry, luxurious homes, irresponsible lives.

Naturally languid, comfort-loving, delicate, Rose Wendover's existence since her marriage had been something of an effort. She disliked camp, small stations bored her; she found house-keeping irksome, chiefly because Francis demanded vigilance in every detail; she was expected to be conversant with bazaar prices, and to harass herself seriously over questions relating to dusters and matches, and charcoal, and fowls' food, and so forth. Francis always applied for small stations, and he would remain in camp for unnecessarily long periods. He never took leave if he could help it, and had only decided to come home and settle Frankie in England because Rose refused to send the child to the hills without her; and it would be cheaper, eventually, than maintaining two establishments in India during the hot weather and the rains. Rose's first baby had died, and Frankie was precious to her. Francis argued that as neither he nor his wife possessed private means it was their duty to economize. He could hardly be expected to realize, or to admit, that he was niggardly by nature.

Yet Rose was not definitely dissatisfied with her life. She accepted it passively, recognizing that she had done better in accepting Francis than if she had been forced to return single with her parents to England on their retirement, since marriage with the subaltern she had imagined she loved was out of the question. An episode came later that gave her a glimpse of what life might have held for her; but Rose had been loyal, valiant, and never since had she willingly dwelt upon it in her thoughts. Suddenly the memory returned to her now, sharply, painfully—the temptation, the struggle, the chaos of emotion, the secret tears. Just for one second the vision of a man's face—heart-stricken, pleading—rose between her and her own reflection in the glass; she put up her hand as though it were something tangible to be warded from her, and applied herself resolutely to her toilette. She added cleverly a hint of color to her pale cheeks, and rearranged her hair that grew so prettily about her temples; then she put on a gray dress that suited her slender, long-limbed figure, and went downstairs into the drawing-room.

The first guest to arrive was Colonel Tyson. He was a lively old bachelor, with a white imperial and an eye-glass, whose pension and private income enabled him to live in a manner that filled many of his Anglo-Indian friends with admiring envy. They regarded him as a prominent member of the London world of fashion; did he not belong to both Hurlingham and Ranelagh, as well as to Sandown?—and he seemed able to obtain tickets for every "tamasha" that was worth attending. He had vast numbers of friends and acquaintances; he played endless bridge, and dined out perpetually. It was true that he affected to have almost forgotten his time in India save for just the period

during which he had been a member of the Viceroy's staff, and to this he alluded frequently; but he condescended to accept invitations now and then from his old Indian friends, and to-day he had come specially to meet the Falconers—General Sir Charles and Lady Falconer—who lived at Bideford, and were only in town for a short stay before their son, Captain Falconer, of the Indian Cavalry, returned to India. Their old friend, Mrs. Crosby, a Commissioner's widow, had also been invited to meet them. Therefore, with Captain Falconer, whose parents had petitioned that they might bring him to luncheon, the party numbered ten.

Colonel Tyson was very fond of girls. He had taken Caroline to Hurlingham once or twice last summer, chaperoned by one of his wealthy widow friends, and it was owing to him that she had been invited to the private dances mentioned by her to Mrs. Wendover. He was conscious of great good-nature on his part in regard to Caroline, who was hardly a credit to him in a fashionable crowd. He liked people to say, "Who's the pretty girl old Tyson's got hold of?" and nobody ever wanted to know who Caroline Gordon might be, though undoubtedly she was pretty.

He addressed her now, since she was the youngest person in the room, while the Falconers were being announced.

"Well, young lady, and what have you been doing with yourself?" Caroline suffered considerably from this question at the tongues of her grandparents' friends. The only possible answer was a smile, and "Oh! nothing in particular"; though sometimes she wondered what would happen if she gravely cited a list of outrageous performances—that she had stood on her head in the Park, that she had been hawking vegetables in Piccadilly Circus, or anything equally crazy.

On this occasion Colonel Tyson did not attend to her customary answer; he was gazing through his eye-glass at Mrs. Wendover, whose subtle grace allured him. He decided that he would ask her to something, to luncheon at his club perhaps—she was so thin that probably she looked better in the daytime than in the evening.

Caroline was thus free to observe Captain Falconer, the "young man" of the party, who had met Mrs. Wendover in India and was talking to her with evident pleasure at their re-encounter.

He did not appear so young to Caroline; a young man, to her, meant a cherub-faced youth, with his hair brushed straight back in long strands from his forehead, and an immature, narrow-shouldered form. This man was tall and broad and brown; he had a clipped moustache that looked as if it had been bleached by the sun, and blue eyes that contrasted queerly with the bronze of his skin. There were lines on his face, too, really almost wrinkles, and his hair, like his moustache, had a slightly scorched appearance. His nose was straight, and his chin square with a dent in the middle of it. Inexplicably the sight of him caused Caroline to feel very insignificant and stupid, and she hoped that she was not to sit next to him at luncheon.

She heard him replying to Aunt Rose: "No, I'm not really sorry to be going back to India. I've had a rattling good time at home, but I'm about broke to the world. However, what's the good of leave if one doesn't make the most of it?"

"You manage to have a rattling good time in India too, if all tales are true," said Mrs. Wendover; and they both laughed—she with amused significance, he with complacent recognition of the pretended reproach.

Then Mrs. Crosby was announced.

She also had known Mrs. Wendover, who rose to greet her, leaving Captain Falconer in the background; and during the few moments that he stood alone he remarked the quaint little girl now talking to his mother. There was an early-Victorian flavor about her appearance that was refreshing and uncommon—a single rose ought to be fixed low down in the heavy brown hair that was drawn over her ears. It was such bright, fine hair; he felt sure it would reach to the carpet if that knot at the nape of her neck were undone. He wished he could pull out the pins and make sure. It would not be the first time he had made such an experiment—occasionally he had been disappointed in the result. Then her features, though rather small, were firmly cut, and her eyes were sweet—a limpid, golden brown, with strong, thick lashes. Were it not for her unbecoming frock he thought her figure would look slim and dainty; she ought to wear blue muslin, or silk with a flowery pattern on it, though, of course, he reminded himself, such flimsy fabrics would hardly be suitable for winter time. How about bronze velvet, with a broad lace collar? Anything would be better than the horrible, mud-colored serge thing she had put on!

So far he had not been introduced to the girl, and he wondered as to her name. Of design he joined his mother and her young companion.

Lady Falconer said to him: "Miss Gordon has been telling me what a lot of money she and Lady Wendover made at their stall at the Indian Church Aid Association bazaar—fifty pounds—wasn't that good?"

"Topping!" said Captain Falconer, and fixed his eyes on Caroline. "I wish I had been there, though I should have had to bring a parcel with me for protection. I couldn't have spent any money, because I have got none."

"Haven't you?" said Caroline innocently, though with a faint snap of her brown eyes that quickened the man's feeling of attraction into a definite determination to flirt with her.

"No, nothing—except what I want for myself. I'm an awful selfish beast, ain't I, ma?"

"My dear Max!" said his mother in fond protest. She adored her handsome son, who had inherited her blue eyes and her serene and careless temperament.

Luncheon was ready. Caroline, of course, waited modestly for the elder ladies to leave the room, and Max Falconer lingered at her side.

"I hope I am to sit next to you?" he asked. As usual, Caroline blushed painfully. She longed to put up her hands and cover her cheeks. He regarded her in amused comprehension, and made her worse. She felt as much relief as regret, when they were all in the dining-room, to find herself seated opposite to her aunt and Captain Falconer. It would be quite as embarrassing to meet his eyes across the table as to have him beside her. Caroline gazed at her soup till the plate was removed without her having tasted the contents, but when she forced herself to look up Captain Falconer was absorbed in conversation with Mrs. Wendover.

They laughed a good deal, and Caroline tried to hear what they said. It seemed to be all about other people in India, and as each name was mentioned some story was recalled of the owner. There was a lady who always said her husband was so difficult to feed, because he wouldn't eat anything he didn't like. . . . And a General, who, receiving news of his wife's death by telegram just as guests were arriving in multitudes for his garden party, had turned to his aide-de-camp to inquire if the claret had been opened for the cup, because if so they would

keep the telegram dark till the At Home was over. . . . And the rude old gentleman who, coming home on board a steamer full of children, had proposed a toast one night at dinner, "To the pious memory of the late King Herod;" . . . and so on. It all sounded excessively inane to Caroline, but she concluded that if one knew the people it might make all the difference.

"And did you know a man called Prong in our service?" asked Mrs. Wendover. "He was our joint at one time?"

Joint? This puzzled Caroline; she did not understand that it meant joint-magistrate or assistant to her Uncle Francis—it sounded to her like a sirloin of beef or a shoulder of mutton.

"Oh yes; he came home with me once on board ship. An extraordinary chap. I remember he used to be called the Solicitor-General, because he proposed to every girl he came across, and none of them would have him."

"Well, he's solicited successfully at last. He's married."

"By Jove! Who to?"

"Some globe-trotting spinster with a little money. She had evidently come out to India with the firm intention of marrying the first man who asked her."

"Very sensible, too," was Captain Falconer's opinion. "India's a happy hunting ground for a female in search of a husband."

"It's not what it used to be. Girls swarm in big stations nowadays. They have far more chance in the small, out-of-the-way places. Don't you think it would be an excellent idea to take out a sort of travelling circus of young ladies, and visit all the awful holes in India until they were disposed of suitably? The British official in India can nearly always be depended upon to make a decent husband, or he wouldn't be out there. The rotter al-

ways disappears sooner or later; there's no room for him on the Civil List."

"It's amazing," reflected Captain Falconer, "what a number of nice young women there are knocking about at home, with incomes of their own, who never seem to have a chance of meeting the right man. I look upon England as the happy hunting ground for men from India who mean matrimony."

"Was that what you came home for? I'm afraid you haven't had any luck, Captain Falconer."

"I came home to enjoy myself, not to get married, Mrs. Wendover. Nothing under two thousand a year, and that settled on myself, would tempt me."

"With youth and beauty, and charm and wits, and good temper all thrown in, I suppose?"

"All that!"

"I hope you'll be punished for your arrogance by falling hopelessly in love with some pretty baby who hasn't a penny in her pocket or any knowledge of the world," laughed Rose Wendover.

She helped herself from a dish handed to her at that moment, and Max Falconer gazed pointedly at Caroline, and said with a sigh: "Well, I suppose I should submit. One might have a worse fate!"

Then he swiftly turned his eyes again to Mrs. Wendover before she looked up from her plate.

Instinct told Caroline that Captain Falconer had been aware, during the latter part of the conversation, of her absorbed attention, also that he had aimed his last words at herself deliberately. Her being throbbled with a curious, suffocating excitement.

"But think," went on Mrs. Wendover, ignorant of this undercurrent, "what she would have to endure when you were docked of your polo and

your amusements, and couldn't afford to do anything but support the mem-sahib and the babies in very indifferent comfort! You'd have to smoke cheap Americans instead of the best Turkish cigarettes, and never more gamble, or go big-game shooting, or have a rattling good time. My goodness, how unbearable you would be!"

"I am sure she would think me perfect whatever I said or did."

"Help!" exclaimed Rose Wendover; and they both laughed again.

Presently he asked, "What are you going to do this afternoon?"—as if his movements depended upon hers. "How do respectable people occupy themselves on Sunday afternoons in London at this time of year?"

"They stay at home, or pay calls, or go to a decorous concert. My niece," looking at the agonized Caroline and smiling with amiable malice, "is of the prim persuasion, and says she is going to the Albert Hall concert with her friend, the padre's daughter."

"Shall we go too?" suggested Captain Falconer, "just to make certain that they really do attend the concert, and don't sneak off to a skating rink or any other vicious resort? You know what young people are!"

"Oh!" protested Caroline involuntarily.

Mrs. Wendover approved of the plan.

(To be continued.)

She was fond of music, and it would also be pleasant to spend the afternoon in Captain Falconer's company. There was a species of natural freemasonry between them that is frequently to be noted among men and women accustomed to life in exile.

"What do you say, Carol?" she asked her niece. "Shall Captain Falconer and I chaperone you and your friend to the concert?"

"If you like," said Caroline faintly.

Then Frankie came down to dessert, and Sir Charles Falconer offered him a banana (calling it a plantain), and gravely inquired in Hindustani after His Highness's health, which the child apparently resented, for he rushed to his mother and hid his face on her shoulder.

"He seems to be forgetting India and his Hindustani so quickly," she said, and held the little boy close. There was a note of sadness in her voice. So soon she was to leave him behind her, perhaps to forget her as quickly as he was forgetting the liquid language that but lately he had spoken with such ease. The other women understood. They had been through it all themselves—the dread of the separation, the piteous partings, the desolate after-days. It is the hardest sacrifice that India requires of her servants' womenfolk.

AN UNRECOVERED POETESS.

If we were asked what passage of English poetry contained the aptest and most powerful comment on the spirit of our enemies in the present struggle, we should quote the following lines, composed, we believe, as an introduction to an imaginative account, never completed, of conquest and ruin:—

Why ask to know what date, what
clime?

There dwelt our own humanity:
Power-worshippers from earliest time;
Foot-kissers of triumphant crime;
Crushers of helpless misery;
Crushing down Justice, honoring
wrong,

If that be feeble, this be strong;
Shedders of blood, shedders of tears.

Fell creatures avid of distress,
Yet mocking heaven with senseless
prayers

For mercy on the merciless.

The philosophy of force and its consequences, the blood, tears, and religion, all are here, and, more even than this, the recognition in the whole bewildering and sickening mixture of something to which human nature everywhere tends. The lines date from more than sixty years ago, and were the work of a poet whose hero was the Duke of Wellington; by a curious coincidence they were published for the first time this spring. Their author, who had had no experience of war, wrote frequently, though for the most part melodramatically, of romantic battles and exploits; but the above is by no means the only passage in which she lays reality bare in its sternest and most terrible aspects. Again, in the course of a purely fanciful description, a dream-vision of a city's downfall, we get incidentally, indicated as it were with a passing touch, a picture worthy to be associated with the fate of *Reims*:—

I pondered not, I drew the bar,
An icy glory caught mine eye
From that wide heaven where every
star
Stared like a dying memory.

And there the great cathedral rose:
Discrowned, but most majestic so,
It looked down in serene repose
On its own realm of buried woe.

These stanzas saw the light a little sooner than that which we first quoted; yet their editor, who gave them to the world with the rest of Emily Brontë's till then unpublished verses, did so with an apologetic air and has since been grieved to find that the world values her manuscripts more highly than he himself, their fortunate possessor. His complete edition of her poetry did not include the

powerful stanza we first quoted; it omitted also the following lines, which might well have been written last September in the valley of the Meuse:—

Wood-shadowed vales; a harvest
moon

Unclouded in its glorious noon;
A solemn landscape, wide and still,
A red fire on a distant hill;
A line of fire, and, deep below,
Another darker, drearier glow;
Charred beams, and lime, and black-
ened stones

Self-piled in cairns o'er burning bones;
And lurid flames that licked the wood,
Then quenched their glare in pools of
blood.

The "Complete Poems of Emily Brontë," as published by Mr. Shorter in 1910, filled 333 pages, 248 of which were given to verses never previously printed in England. For a long time after her death, Emily's reputation lay in the hands of her devoted Charlotte. The three sisters, as everybody knows, first brought out a volume of poems together, and Charlotte later chose from among Emily's papers such other pieces as she thought her sister would be willing to see put before the world. It was tempting to suppose, as Mr. Shorter did, that a sister so gifted as Charlotte was the best judge of the relative value of her darling's works; and if we maintain, as we are about to do, that her discrimination fell short in essential points, Mr. Shorter is entitled to say that the presumption is against us. His own view has been so imperturbably held, that he allowed fifteen years to elapse between the promise of his edition and the production of it, and afterwards remarked that "it could not be said that he had unduly hurried" the publication. Yet Mr. A. C. Benson, in the Brontë anthology he edited this spring, drew twice as much from the new as from the old material, and did not

even so exhaust all that was of value in the new; he omits, for example, the second of our quotations above. It was thus in effect a new poet that Mr. Shorter offered to the world. Emily Brontë had long been recognized as potentially among our greatest lyrical writers; there had been, till 1910, no opportunity of recognizing how much less than was supposed her achievement fell short of her potentialities. Nor is there full opportunity of recognizing this even now, so little trustworthy is the printed text of her work. Mr. Benson says he has restored it "as far as possible" from the original manuscripts, a curious, indeed an almost unintelligible, assertion for a scholar to make. Yet even the equivocal claim implied is not substantiated. For Mr. Shorter, in a recent edition of "Wuthering Heights" uniform with his edition of the Poems, has reproduced 37 pages of Emily's manuscript in photogravure, and hardly a poem contained in them is correctly printed either by Mr. Shorter himself or by Mr. Benson in his "restored" edition. How pitiful this is, how damaging to English scholarship and criticism in the eyes of the world!

A glance at Charlotte's poetry shows that she was, in the phrase of the missionaries, a laborer in this field, and the works that Emily published under her sigis reflect this attitude of labor. Endowed with elevating names—Faith and Despondency, The Elder's Rebuke, Encouragement, The Wanderer from the Fold—they leave the reader in possession of the writer's revised feelings and views. Such was poetry, as Charlotte understood it, rhyme and rhythm representing additional difficulties which application might overcome. No escape from these notions was possible at Haworth Parsonage; for they are the denial of Emily's

whole being, and yet she succumbed to them. Mr. Gosse long ago remarked of "A Death Scene," which he placed from one point of view among "the most original and passionate poems in existence," that it was "clothed in a measure that is like the livery of a charitable institution," and one of the chief discomforts of "Wuthering Heights" is the aptitude of its style to the lips of Nelly Dean. An afflicting angel hung over Brontëdom, an influence which stood to Emily as Nelly Dean to the inmates of "Wuthering Heights," alien yet intimate, rejected yet insinuating. The sisters were reared by a kindly but unsympathetic maiden aunt, and the circumstance is symbolical. It was incumbent on a woman of genius a hundred years ago to suppose the world not other than it was asserted by maiden aunts to be, and to describe it as seen through their spectacles. By such an one, her emanation or her spectre, we can imagine most of Charlotte's and much, too much, of Emily's work to have been written. She held the pen, and it trembled with assumed rigidity; she dropped thin tears into the ink. Charlotte assimilated and included this imp of primness and decorum, only emphasizing her subjection when she rebelled and broke bounds. For are not Rochester, Paul Emmanuel himself, most ardent of her creations, theatrically virile, brusquer, sterner than even early Victorian heroes need to be? Emily's nature bitterly repudiated the haunting presence, but she was befogged by it, and remained broodingly aware of some malign and suffocating inhibition that floated between her and what she most loved, poetry. She has a sober certainty of inspiration—Milton himself speaks no more calmly than she of the nightly visitant; she has a burning ambition to express what she feels and sees, to communicate her being; but she be-

believes that the gift of expression has been withheld from her.

I asked myself, O why has heaven
Denied the precious gift to me,
The glorious gift to many given,
To speak their thoughts in poetry?

Something certainly had been denied, something at least had been obscured, perverted. She lacked, or had lost, perception of the limits of a lyrical expression such as hers, and allowed her integrity as an artist to be blurred by a misplaced, misdirected conscientiousness. Her nature began in poetry, yet she made of poetry something external, and aspired as it were away from herself. Burns, who in the dialect that was familiar to him is purely melody, barely produces readable verse when he attempts to write an "English poem"; Emily Brontë, with no dialect to isolate and reflect her to her own eyes, was continually attempting the "English poem," unaware of her true vein. She strove to give conventional finish to spontaneous upwellings of melody whose finish is that which they possess as they arise, and which cannot be finished unless they can be kept rising. And thus, when one or two of her strongest works are put aside, she is most herself in rapturous hints and sketches, things that in her grave sister's judgment, and perhaps in her own also, were too trifling to aspire to the dignity of poetry. These therefore are all new.

All hushed and still within the house,
Without, all wind and driving rain;
But something whispers to my mind,
Wrought up in rain and wailing wind:
Never again! Why not again? Never
again!

Memory has power as well as wind!

These things are new, and even now we do not possess them. For the lyric is the most sensitive of all poetical forms. Accuracy is essential to it; the unseizable spirit may reside in

what appears at first to be the least important of words. Ariel drowns the Duke in five fathoms of water, a needless yet an inevitable depth. Read

Full fathoms four thy father lies

and the substitution of one simple sound for another annihilates one of the loveliest songs in the language. When Emily's caretakers give us

Sleep, stilly sleep, thou dark-haired child,

gratuitously substituting "thou" for "my," the effect is similar, except that, instead of existing beauty defaced, we have possible beauty withheld. A lyric, like a bird's song, perfect when it falls perfectly upon our attention, is as easily liable to be hidden from us. How beautiful, for example, is the following, which yet no editor has printed correctly and no reader, therefore, has yet had an opportunity to enjoy:—

Tell me, tell me, smiling child,

What the past is like to thee.

An autumn evening, soft and mild,

With a wind that sighs mournfully.

Tell me, what is the present hour?

A green and flowery spray,

Where a young bird sits, gathering its power

To mount and fly away.

And what is the future, happy one?

A sea beneath a cloudless sun,

A mighty, dazzling, glorious sea,

Stretching into infinity.

Mr. Shorter, following a nameless American editor, allows this to proceed

The inspiring music's thrilling sound,

The glory of the festal day, &c.

Mr. Benson is aware when the end is reached; but places question marks after every stanza, nullifying the cadence of each and the progressive cadences of the three. The spirit of the poem is its accumulating pressure

of affirmation, its passage from dreamy musing to rapturous energy, and its expression of this by the rhythm as well as by the sense of the words. Mr. Benson could not have been expected to perceive this, for the freedom and power of Emily's rhythmical invention escapes him everywhere. He twice notes her use of the word "being" as a monosyllable, as if any poet with feeling for the music of our speech did not, at pleasure, use it so. He goes further and reduces "never" and "even" to "ne'er" and "e'en" when he thinks fit, a cruel and incredible mutilation. The poet of

Where a young bird sits, gathering its
power
and of

With a wind that sighs mournfully
knew the value and the music of every
word she wrote and was in no need
of assistance in the counting or compressing of her syllables.

Of course a great part, the majority, of the new matter is work of a very different stamp from this, falling as far below the average of what Charlotte or Emily herself chose for publication as this rises above it. It consists in the main of lyrical narrative more or less founded on the study of Scott, and details the extravagant devotions or disasters of a cycle of heroes and heroines with outlandish names. These beings seem to have been common property in the Brontë family; for many of Emily's impromptus assume a known situation and express the reactions of a Rosina or a King Julius thereto. Even here romantic license is occasionally superseded. The wonderful melody and passion of

Cold in the earth and the deep snow
piled above thee

were imputed in the original to R.
Alcona (for R. read Rosina), the

"noble heart" mentioned in the course of the lament being that of J. Brenzaïda (for J. read Julius) which "heath and fern-leaves cover" not

Over the mountains, on that northern
shore

but

Over the mountains on Angora's
shore.

Elsewhere we learn how the hills of Angora border the lake of Eldenna, and how Eldenna's waves rolled red on the day when Brenzaïda's empire fell:—

"What then, my dreams are false?"
she said,

"Come, maiden, answer me;
Has Almadore in battle bled?
Have slaves subdued the free?" . . .

Fierce grew Rosina's gloomy gaze;
She cried, "Dissembler, own,
Erina's arms in victory blaze,
Brenzaïda's crest is down."

All this is of interest only because it is Emily's; yet even when most melodramatical it rarely ceases to be musical and however remote the wanderings of fancy, authentic experience ever and anon peers through in some convincing touch of stern or of tender beauty:—

The dead around were sleeping
On heath and granite gray,
And the dying their last watch were
keeping
In the closing of the day.

But the "Gondal" poems, though they have the attractions inseparable from genius at play, suggest also genius *désœuvré*, power unfocused, wandering, lost; and few impressions that verse can give are more afflicting. They are evidence of unrealized capacity, of which, in the work of Emily Brontë, as we have always known it, there has always been enough. The treasure of the newly published work is its richness in lyrical spontaneities of a kind one might else have thought

she had not attempted, and in which nevertheless she is all herself:—

I am happiest now when most away
I can tear my soul from its mould of
clay,

On a windy night when the moon is
bright

And my eye can wander through
worlds of light.

When I am not, and none beside,
Nor earth, nor sea, nor cloudless sky,
But only spirit wandering wide
Through infinite immensity.

Emily is unlikely ever to have seen Blake's poems, but all Blake's fervor is here and Blake's inevitable music. She was not possessed of a high degree of literary discrimination. She lived for thirty years, yet did not discern that "shine" is an odious substantive, and that "anguish" and "languish" hardly rhyme outside the rhyming dictionary. She approached the lyric from another side. "Anguish" and "languish," "shine" and "pine" passed unsuspected into her verse because of the association they had had in her experience; and much else that verges on triteness or solecism she handles for the same reason with the same unconcern. It is upon her capacity for experience, her intensity of life, her acceptance of its tragedies, that her lyrical power is founded. The moorland air, with all that it has of sweet and wild, becomes a part of her poetry because it has already become a part of herself. Death, the memory of death, and what seems almost a preference for its associations, characterize her work for the same reason. And all is clothed in reconciling music, because the beauty of the world, answering the rectitude of her soul, compels her to music as the only satisfying statement of the truth of things. Montaigne wrote many essays, and Socrates lived and died, to illuminate a principle which to Emily Brontë was breath and being. She called it lib-

erty, and Englishmen need ask no better name. But liberty is the consequence; the essence is the perception that all growth is from within, that all accepted experience sustains, and that its flower is harmony. The reader of Emily Brontë's lyrics encounters gloom; for the graveyard was next door to Haworth Parsonage, and her mother and sisters lay there. He encounters so much gloom that he may well wonder why the prevailing impression he receives is an impression of warmth and light. Snow falls, the winds moan, the moors are drenched with rain—those lonely moors haunted by violence and vain regret; but in the midst of all is a spirit of heroic mould, a spirit to which all that is adverse in nature appears delightful because it calls forth power, and all that is bleak and desolate appears holy because it prompts to communion; a spirit which, early schooled in misfortune, the wearing siege of perverse destiny leaves ever impregnable, a triumphant personality built upon calamity and disaster, upon suffering and solitude.

Too strong and too sombre for popularity in fair weather times, at such a time as this her vision of death and of the life that outreaches and overrides it has a peculiar appeal. For it is when circumstances threaten to crush us that we best appreciate those who have felt all their might and menace without lowering the flag. Such is Emily Brontë, devoted, proud, austere, passionate, untameable. The stuff was in her out of which martyrs and saints are made; and in effect she was a martyr, muted by the insignificance of her fate. Muted, and yet not so mute as it appeared till lately. For just those qualities which are most characteristic of her, yet most elusive: her wild tenderness, her rapturous and pervading sense of beauty, her lyrical

fire shooting forth swift beams into the vast unpeopled spaces or transfused with glowing radiance under the

The London Times.

"deep blue dome": just these qualities it is that the best of her newly published poems best express.

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.

The Premier, at the beginning of March, likened talk of terms of peace to "the twittering of a sparrow amid the stress and tumult of a tempest which is shaking the world." But mischievous as talk of "terms" may be at this point, we must not overlook the fact that the profound emotions generated by the war are, as it were, a hotbed for forcing opinions upon the problem of the relation of nations and the conditions of stable peace. By great convulsions schemes and dreams are evolved for securing freedom from the catastrophes they produce. There is, I believe, solid foundation for the hope that the world will make an advance towards peace commensurate with the dimensions of the terrible relapse of to-day. The reaction may be equal and opposite. It is therefore specially important that from the beginning we shall determine the line of advance, and that opponents of militarism shall not lose influence by diverse counsels. The Prime Minister has laid down propositions with which there will be, I think, general agreement:—

"The clearing of the ground by the definite repudiation of militarism as the governing factor in the relation of States and of the future moulding of the European world."

"Room must be found and kept for the independent existence and the free development of the smaller nationalities, each with a corporate consciousness of its own."

"By a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for the clash of competing ambition, for groupings and alliances and a precarious equipoise,

of a real European partnership, based on the recognition of equal right and established and enforced by a common will."

It is in the translation of these propositions into action that diversity of view amongst pacifists becomes apparent. Even prominent peace advocates appeal to force to secure the recognition of equal rights, and ask for the establishment of a body capable of compelling nations to accept the collective will of the nations. They are in danger of perpetuating "groupings and alliances" founded upon force. I have no faith in the attempt to cast out devils by Beelzebub the chief of the devils. It is due to an attitude of mind produced by current events. The crime of Germany looms too large for us to judge it in its proper relation to the Millennium. I wish to submit that what we desire is to be attained by peaceful, and not by military means, and that our prime achievement should be the perfecting of the machinery of peaceable international relations, the attainment of justice without force, and not the establishment of a super-State to enforce its will, of a super-Navy to overawe Great Britain, and a super-Army to overawe Russia or Germany. The attitude of mind which would move Germany to enter a Commonwealth of Europe, would of itself render unnecessary the super-Army; and if the disposition is absent from Russia, for instance, the prospect of all the rest of Europe coercing her does not allure me as a path towards peace.

Can we learn anything from the

schemes of the past for uniting the States of Europe? My attention has been called recently to some proposals, well known to historians, evolved by statesmen since the Middle Ages, and they may be equally interesting to others. Hapsburg, Hohenzollern, and Bourbon have troubled Europe through centuries by their dynastic ambitions. The ghost of Imperial Rome has been thrice and again embodied, and the Imperial idea has often been shattered, in fact if not in form, on some strong national ideal. England has always stood out. Three hundred years ago, France, England, and the Dutch Government were debating a plan to check the ambition of the House of Hapsburg, apparently then secure in its tenure of the Imperial dignity. Henry IV. of France was seeking for means to this end, and either he or Sully conceived the idea of a Federation of the States of Europe. The object was nominally to save Europe in the future from the horrors of war, but really to put Austria in her place. The King and his Minister were encouraged by the fact that their neighbors to the North and North-East already had serious quarrels with their common foe, and this ensured the strong support of Queen Elizabeth and the United Provinces. The plan, whose realization was to have been Henry's life work, entailed an elaborate reconstitution of the European State-system; an agreement whereby a substantial international force was set up to wage war against the infidels and recalcitrant members of the federation, and an International Senate, composed of between sixty and seventy members, which was modelled on the Amphictyonic Council, and was empowered "to discuss divergent interests, to compose quarrels, to elucidate and determine all the civil, political, and religious affairs of Europe, whether internal or external." Eng-

land and the Dutch Republic, together with some of the Italian and German sovereigns, were discussing some such scheme with France, when Henry's life was cut short by the hand of Ravallac in 1610. France, with an infant King and internal troubles, could no longer lead Europe on the new path.

The Thirty Years' War followed almost immediately; and two stormy centuries began, during which religious wars, the ambition of Louis XIV., and the complicated dynastic disputes of the eighteenth century kept Europe at war until 1815, with only one long interval after 1714 and one or two armed truces. The only contribution made in this age to the problem of a stable form of international society was the theory of the Balance of Power, which was not altogether irresponsible for the wars which followed. But there were idealists who appealed to reason with schemes for the rescue of Europe from its distressful condition. In the main they followed the lines of the "Grand Dessein." William Penn was eloquent about the unspeakable evils war was bringing in its train and the enormous benefits which would follow the establishment of a European League or Confederacy, with a Parliament to which the States would send delegates in proportion to their wealth, revenue, and population. It would stop the spilling of much Christian blood and hasten the advance of learning and wealth, while consolidating Europe against the Turk, and, by encouraging travel and intercourse, substituting for rivalry in arms "an emulation in the instances of goodness, laws, customs, learning, arts, buildings." Finally, Penn appeals specially to princes:—"There is yet another manifest privilege that follows this intercourse and good understanding, which, methinks, should be very mov-

ing with princes, viz.: That hereby they may chuse wives for themselves, such as they love, and not by proxy merely to gratify interest; an ignoble motive; and that rarely begets or continues that kindness which ought to be between men and their wives."

Twenty years later the Abbé de Saint-Pierre appeared as a forerunner of that school of common sense which afterwards developed into the Utilitarian movement, and profoundly affected all modern ideas. His aim was to make everything useful; and about the only thing for which he had no use was war, which he proposed to abolish. His plan was the formation of a European Federation after the pattern of the Peloponnesian Confederacy. He rejected the idea of proportional representation favored by Henry IV., and eventually adopted equal representation of States by single delegates, who were to meet in a Senate, which would superintend certain common affairs and would appoint a committee of conciliation to be an arbitral court, before whom all disputes must be tried. If the trial of a dispute before this court was of no effect, the Senate would take the matter in hand and would pass an act covering the case. If this settlement was not accepted the recalcitrant State would be put under the ban of Europe, and the other powers would unite the limited standing armies, which they were still allowed to maintain, and would force it to submit. St. Pierre wrote while the European powers were composing their difficulties after the war of the Spanish succession, and the reception given by diplomatists and warriors to the scheme was not favorable. Cardinal Fleury said to him: "You have forgotten a preliminary condition . . . you must begin by sending a troop of missionaries to prepare the hearts and minds of the contracting sovereigns."

This illuminating remark I shall refer to later. Other humane men advocated similar measures, but the Continent continued to be the prey of dynastic and imperial ambitions. For fifty years Europe behaved as if nations only existed to fight one another, till a sense of common interests was developed by the outbreak of the French Revolution. When the National Assembly of France proclaimed the unity of Republicans of all nations, and its intention of freeing them from their bonds, the first effect was to strengthen the reactionary forces by uniting them. A new and terrible danger was threatening all kings, so they laid aside their quarrels to meet the common enemy, and that unity was celebrated by the triumph of legitimacy and the sacrifice of the rights of peoples at Vienna, Aix-la-Chapelle, Troppau, Laibach, and Verona. The affairs of Europe were now managed by a Pentarchy, which became the Hexarchy as soon as France was thoroughly purged of the revolutionary dross. The Holy Alliance, however, did not commend itself to England, and France was always lukewarm in her support, with the result that the system broke down.

During the nineteenth century the idea of a World-state has become a commonplace, specially favored by naturalist international lawyers. This is accounted for by the facts that since 1815 Europe has enjoyed a more peaceful century than any since the fall of Rome, and that the national movements in Italy and Germany have resulted in the union in one body of many smaller States, while the triumph of the federal principle in Germany, the United States, and some of the British colonies appears to offer a machinery whereby the world may be drawn closer together. Sidgwick says: "We have in North America an impressive example of a political society

maintaining peace over a region larger than Western Europe. I therefore think it not beyond the limits of a sober forecast to conjecture that some further integration may take place in the West European States; and, if it should take place, it seems probable that the example of America will be followed, and that the new political aggregate will be formed on the basis of a federal polity." Both Lorimer and Bluntschli have drawn up European constitutions. The plan of the former is most elaborate and detailed, being remarkable as the first standing on a thoroughly democratic basis. His Congress consists of two houses, the Upper, consisting of senators chosen for life by the Upper Chambers or aristocracies of European States, and the Lower House of Representatives elected by the Lower Houses of States, or, in the absence of representative institutions, by the Crown. The six Great Powers are to have ten senators and thirty representatives, and the lesser Powers a smaller number in proportion to their population, area, or revenue. This body is to meet at Constantinople. Lorimer fixes the salaries of the members of the Lower House, but expects the senators to give their services free, for round that body, whose functions are chiefly decorative, he has developed an ingenious plan for the creation of a European nobility. Bluntschli's plan is a rough outline of a European Staatenbund, with two Chambers, to the first of which the six Great Powers will send two delegates, and the others one each; and to the second the Great Powers eight or ten, and the others four or five.

We do not obtain, I think, in any of these plans the great idea which we seek. All have within them the element of their own destruction, and it is not by chance that the world has found them impracticable. Each de-

mands the submission of the sovereign will of each of its members to the judgment of a superior power, and puts the alternative of subordinating that will or of fighting, when the decision of the superior power differs from the ideal of justice or honor entertained by the member concerned. A league to enforce decisions upon a sovereign power to which that power does not assent does not repudiate militarism as a governing factor, and is a league for war, and not for peace. The essence of sovereignty has not changed, though its dwelling-place may have moved since the days when Fleury indicated the need of an army of missionaries to prepare the hearts and minds of contracting sovereigns. The sovereigns may no longer be merely princes who make war or marry ("tu felix Austria nube"), but may now be peoples, more or less democratically governed. Still the army of missionaries is required to prepare the hearts and minds for an ideal of justice in no way measured by warlike force. This will not be attained by demanding an abdication of sovereignty. If Europe attains a political equilibrium which can be fairly described as the United States of Europe, it must be on a basis different from the political union of Germany, Australia, or the United States of America. This difference is demanded by the development of sovereignty in Europe upon a national basis, and by the nature of sovereignty. Arguments are frequently used which take it for granted that the development of international relations is merely another step in the same direct line of advance as the attainment of national sovereignty. But sovereignty is really a boundary line, and not a point of junction between national and international affairs. In national life the term sovereign denotes the influence or authority which imposes law upon

the community. The State community, in virtue of the supremacy of its common will, puts individual members under obligations by its political, civil, and criminal legislation, and it is this power to put everybody under obligations which is denoted by sovereignty. But how does this power appear when viewed, not from the standpoint of a dutiful subject, that is, from below, but from the same level and outside, from the standpoint of another State? In International Law the States are the individuals, and "sovereignty," expressing the common will of the individuals of the State, denotes the individuality of that State as distinct from other States; that is its right to command its own subjects, to do what it likes with its own territory, and to be secure from interference by others upon that territory. In both cases it is a demand to be treated as an integer, comprehending those within, and excluding those without. In national life the function of the sovereign is to make and enforce the law. In the society of nations, however, "sovereignty" refers to the individuality of each State, and a sovereign head is absent. The only valid sanction of International Law, therefore, must be the consent of each nation to be bound by its rules and to abide by them, sovereignty being diffused among the members of the society, but having a very real and self-conscious existence, nevertheless.

This international society is not a half-way house towards a unitary state-society. The chief features of the imperfect, incomplete state-society are the uncertainty of the law and of its sanction; it is not certain what the law is, it is not certain who has the right to enforce the law, it is moreover not at all clear in men's minds why they obey the law. In fact, the social sense is lacking, and it is necessary for men to go through

the stage of absolutism in which they obey the law because their overlord finds it pays to force them to do so. But in international society such rules as exist are definite, and obeyed by nations without the interference of any force other than self-interest. States know quite well why they obey these laws. They have learnt that it is expedient for them to observe certain rules in their relations one with another, and when they break a rule they are very careful to explain why they do so, and if possible to justify their action. It is true that States are often carried away by instinct and passion, and act contrary to international law; but this is only to be expected, and it is astonishing that it happens so seldom. Again, international law by no means covers the ground of international relations, and leaves many emergencies unprovided for; the fact that so large a portion of it deals with the settlement of international disputes by force shows how far it is from being complete in other directions. But nevertheless it is clear that nations have developed a social sense which had to be beaten into individuals by an age of despotism. The more widespread that social sense is, and the more intimately connected with every detail of international relations, the less frequent will wars become.

We may learn much of the probable course of events in extending the intensity of this international social sense from the ideals involved in The Hague Conferences, and the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague set up by them. These ideals involve, not a world-State, but the recognition of the sovereignty of even small States, and of the necessity for consent to any determination of the Court. Certain features are fundamentally different from previous conceptions. The procedure of the inter-

national judiciary is in a sense entirely voluntary, in that no dispute can be referred to it without the consent of both parties. It is only after they have pledged themselves to accept its findings that its authority becomes binding upon them. The Conferences themselves are composed of delegates from all the civilized States, of whom forty-four were represented at The Hague in 1907, each State having one vote. The delegates are divided into committees, who examine projects and prepare them for discussion in the plenary sessions, in which the Constitutions take their final form and are voted upon. Certain features of this voting are important for our purpose. If twenty States vote for a Convention and five against it, what is the position of that proposal? In the central body of any federation which has ever been proposed, that vote would have created a new Act, to be added to the body of written international law. This is not the case at The Hague. The votes in favor of the Convention mean that the Governments thus represented will probably ratify the Convention, and thereby enter into a treaty with the other States who ratify it, to observe it in their relations one with another. The votes against the Convention mean that the Governments do not accept it and refuse to bind themselves, unless they afterwards decide that their delegate acted wrongly and desire to adhere to the agreement. A vote in favor of a Convention may also be qualified by the signatory making reservations on one or more points, whereby they free themselves from the obligation to obey the articles concerned.

This procedure has many advantages. It makes possible an absolutely free and open discussion; it enables progressive governments to agree among themselves to certain advances

without any obstacles being put in their way by a powerful and reactionary opponent; and above all it solves the problem of the equality of States, which presents such difficulties in any constitution of a world-state. If a small nation or a group of small nations fear that they are being victimized, they only need vote against the proposal to safeguard their independence completely. On the other hand, if Great Britain feels that she cannot consent to a proposal which is brought forward by Brazil or Norway, there is no need for her to withdraw from the Conference or disturb the peaceable character of its sittings to prevent it being carried. She simply votes against it, and there, for her, the matter ends. It is true that the Great Powers have great moral weight in the discussions; the opposition of Great Britain or Germany would very much lessen the importance of any Act, while if an Act is passed by a great majority of the delegates, and is subsequently ratified by them, the opposition of a few small States will hardly prevent that Act, if it really commends itself to the good sense of the world, from being considered as a definite addition to international law. But that arises out of the fact that it is not a very important matter that, say, Spain reserves the right to use explosive bullets weighing under fourteen ounces, which has been given up by all the other Powers. We have here the conditions for building up a body of international law, fortified by the full consent of all those bound by it. The element of force—an international Army and Navy—is absent; the sovereignty of small states is preserved; a partnership in upholding equal right is achieved. It is unnecessary to have a despotic sovereign, for if reasonable laws putting into practice sound principles are laid down there will be no difficulty about

getting them accepted, by the authority of a common will.

The development that is taking place in the society of nations as here indicated, and further illustrated by individual treaties, is quite novel. It is "a slow and gradual process," and receives constant setbacks, but it is in essence ideal, for it is development of law without force. It is a higher development than that which takes place in a nation when the force that stands behind municipal law grows and becomes supreme. In so far then as the efforts of those who are studying and moulding international law are directed towards the creation of a sovereign, they are in the wrong direction. A serious attempt to bring about a federation of the sovereign States of the world would undo all the development that has taken place, and would be extremely dangerous. It would attempt finality, where finality is as yet impossible, for the European state-system cannot be said to be so completely settled down that it would be safe to build upon it. But the great objection to the idea is that it is reactionary and unnecessary, for nations are already constituting a so-

The Contemporary Review.

ciety in which that abdication from their freedom of action which is entailed in submission to a superior sovereign is unnecessary, for nations are learning more and more to reconcile their own sovereignty with considerable limitations upon their liberty, limitations which do not impinge upon their sovereignty because they are freely and willingly accepted. The condition towards which the society of nations is tending is the best that can be contemplated, if it is granted that the highest ideal is the combination of the greatest possible respect for the liberty of the individual with the completest possible recognition by the individual of the need for voluntary limitation of his activities, when they are likely to come into contact with the liberty of other people. For the better the members of a society have learned the arts of governing themselves, the more advanced the society is, and the less is its need of a sovereign in the old-fashioned sense of the word. Towards this end we shall "prepare the hearts and minds" of nations, "not by an army, nor by power, but by My Spirit."

George Toulmin.

BARHAM'S BOW.

On a September evening, in an upper room of his great house in Antwerp town, old Richard Barham lay dying. Propped up on a pile of pillows, he lay on his great bed, and round it stood his sons and their sons. Farther back stood the womenkind of the household, and behind them again the servants of the house—almost a score of them, for in that year of 1465 there was no richer merchant in Antwerp (where all the merchants were rich) than Richard Barham the Englishman. Now he was going where his

wealth could not follow him, and so before the time came to say farewell to it he had busied himself in seeing that it was fairly and equably divided among his family. All was disposed of. The rich stuffs from Genoa, the jewels, the gold, and the ships at sea, all had been fairly and justly apportioned, and old Richard Barham leant back on his pillows well content, and ready to start on his last journey.

On the foot of the bed was lying a pile of rich stuffs, the robes of a merchant prince of Antwerp; and lying

on these were other objects which looked oddly incongruous in the bed-chamber of a peaceful burgess—a dinted steel cap, a worn brigandine, and on top of these a great black yew bow.

The old man was very near his end; but for all his eighty years and the approach of death, his eyes were still bright and his clean-shaven jaw firmly set. Merchants of Antwerp then, as now, attended to their business and let the tumult of a stormy age pass them by; but an observant man watching Richard Barham on his deathbed would perhaps have thought that this was not the first time that he had looked death in the face, and that now, when at long last he found the cold hand on his throat, he was taking it as a man does who at one time or another has felt it touch his flesh before.

The old man turned his head and spoke to his eldest son, a grave and bearded man, who stood beside his pillows; and Richard Barham the younger picked up the great bow and handed it to his father.

It almost seemed as if the touch of the wood gave new life to the dying man. He held it out for a moment at the full stretch of his left arm, and for that one moment the old arm seemed to grow stiff and strong again. But only for a moment. It wavered and shook, and the old man drew it back and placed the bow in front of him on the bed, and, with the interest of the dying in inanimate things, patted and stroked it.

Then old Richard Barham spoke again. "Listen, all of you," he said. "I have divided the goods and gear, and none of you will be poor; but *this*"—and he half-lifted the black bow—"this is what brought the wealth which I have made, and which you are going to enjoy.

"You—my sons and their sons—have

always known me as Richard Barham the merchant of Antwerp, as I have been these fifty years past; for fifty years it is since I marched through the west gate of Canterbury town with *this* on my back"—and again he patted the bow—"in the train of Sir Thomas Brockman, when the king—*my* king—Harry the Fifth, went across to Normandy. Since I left the quayside at Hythe never a foot have I set on English ground, and never an eye have I laid on Barham Village—Barham Village, under Barham Down, in Kent. No word have I to say against the folk of this country, never a one; they have treated me fairly, and like one of themselves—me, Dick Barham, King Harry's old bowman; but there's many a time I've been fain to hear the sound of Kentish speech, and to feel the Kentish chalk and flint under my feet. I hoped that some day—But I'm past hoping now.

"Well, we crossed the sea, thirty thousand of us, and took Harfleur; and then came the October rains, and with them the sickness. King Harry was as brave a king as ever wore basinet; but he knew, and we knew too, that unless we could get back to England we were no better than dead men. Out of our host of thirty thousand the French swords and the sickness had left us half, and it was an army of less than fifteen thousand sick and starving men that started on the march to Calais and England.

"I was at the crossing of the Somme River when for two days and nights we searched for a ford, and crossed it breast-deep when at last we found one; and even now I remember as if it were not a day gone that night of rain and wind when we saw the camp-fires of the French host on the ridge of Agincourt, in Picardy.

"That was a battle!" The old man's eyes flashed for a moment. "Fifteen thousand half-starved English against

a hundred thousand French! I remember how the bows twanged as the French knights rode down on us, and how the long shafts bit through mail and flesh and bone, and piled the Frenchmen and their horses in heaps and swaths there in front of us! It was after we had broken our line and charged down on the French that I saw the king. He was there in the thick of the press, with his golden crown on his basinet, and his handsome face bare under it, fighting at handstrokes with three Frenchmen. Near beaten from the saddle by their maces he was, but his sword was up, and he was giving blow for blow, as a king should. Twice I bent my bow, and twice a Frencher went down with a shaft through the jointing of his harness; and then a mace fell on my head, and I was down on my face in the bloody mud.

"But King Harry was no king to take help from a man, even one of his archers, and then leave him. Off his horse he got, they told me afterwards, into the thick of the press, and carried me out of it across his own saddle. Ha! he was a king worth fighting and dying for! We get no kings like him now!

"With the army I went in a litter to Calais, and there they left me for my head to heal. But King Harry did not forget me. Across the sea by a sure hand he sent me—Richard Barham the archer—a thousand golden nobles as 'ransom' for his life. Ah, well, King Harry's dead these forty years, and I'm dying to-night.

"North to the Flemish country I came when my head was well healed, and there I met my wife, your mother, my sons. Her father was a burgess of Antwerp, and under his direction I put out King Harry's ransom to profit."

The old man's voice was growing very weak, and he stopped for a moment, and then continued:

"And now, this I lay on you as a charge. While a Barham lives, let the bow which gave me my fortune be kept and guarded by him as it has been kept and cared for by me. They say the dying can see the future. Fifty years ago it saved the king, and I say that one day it will save something worth more to a Barham than fifty kings—his life and his honor."

Richard Barham ceased, and turned his eyes to the window as if he would look across the Scheldt mud-flats and the gray waves of the North Sea toward England. He had been speaking Flemish, but now he said very slowly and distinctly in the broad speech of his native Kent, almost as if he could see what he spoke of: "Barham Down, and the sun setting over Stone Street." Then he spoke no more for ever.

On a September evening, four hundred and fifty years afterwards, in the year 1914, Richard van Baarm, of Thulin, in Belgium, was standing in his garden with his young wife. The evening was fine and clear; but away to the south and west was a continuous heavy mutter like distant thunder, punctuated now and again by a deeper and louder sound. It was the second day of the battle, and the sound came from the German cannon where the Kaiser's army was at death-grips with the Allies. The road outside the garden railings was full of people of all ages and sexes moving in one direction and with one common thought: to put as great a distance as possible between themselves and the oncoming Germans. Uhlans had been seen that afternoon not five miles away; therefore hurry, *hurry* anywhere out of the reach of those brute beasts of the Kaiser. The stories of what had happened at Aershot, at Termonde, and half-a-score of other places were fresh in men's and women's minds that evening, and their only thought was flight

—flight anywhere, so long as it was away from the *Bosches*. Houses? Property? Let them look after themselves. All that he has of gold and gear a man will give for his bare life or the honor of his womenkind; and, with the dreaded Uhlans last seen only five miles away, every moment might show a flat-topped *schapka* and a black-and-white pennon appearing round the corner of the narrow street. Therefore, leave all that until this evening has made life worth living, and *hurry, hurry!*

Richard van Baarm turned to his wife. "Marie," he said in his slow way, "we ought to be going too; this will be no place for women in an hour or two's time."

Marie van Baarm gulped. "You best know, *mon mari*," she said; "but, oh, our house! our little house! Not three months married, and to leave it all to these savages!"

Richard nodded gravely. "Better lose the house than our lives," he said. "Come; we must go. They may ride in at any moment." And he turned toward the house, walking slowly and heavily, and with his broad shoulders bowed like an old man's. And he had cause for his heaviness of heart. Richard van Baarm's folk were not rich, and had strained their resources to give him a good education. After his course at the University of Louvain—now a heap of smoking ruins which hid things which were better hidden for the sake of humanity—he had taken his degree, and had started as an *avocat* in the little town of Thulin. He had prospered in a modest way, and three months ago had married Marie Gontier, the daughter of a Brussels doctor.

Life had seemed very pleasant to Richard, and had seemingly stretched out before his wife and himself in a long, pleasant vista of peaceful work and quiet, dignified ease. Then had

come rumors from the south and east, especially from the east. If these rumors were to be believed, Frenchmen and Germans were going to put their old quarrel to the arbitrament of fire and steel again. Richard van Baarm took very little notice of them. The papers were a little more interesting to read than usual, that was all; but the frenzied haste with which the rest of Europe was rushing to arms passed Thulin by.

There was no danger of war coming to Belgium. Was not its neutrality guaranteed by the solemn word of the very Powers which were crouching for the dash at each other's throat? No, the days were past when Belgium had been the battleground where nations repaired to settle their quarrels; and if the two great nations to the south and east chose to swim in blood, at least there would be law and peace in Belgium.

Then events had begun to move. First of all had come the insolent demand from Germany to Belgium that she should stand aside and let the German troops march through her land to the sack of France, and the Belgians' answer flung into the Kaiser's face at Liège.

Now for three days and nights the folk of Thulin had listened to the growl and mutter of the guns growing louder and louder, and on this September evening it was time for men with womenfolk to take them away, for already the Uhlans were in the country around.

Richard van Baarm went to his desk and took out a roll of notes, which he placed in his breast-pocket. If he had to begin life again, better do so with a full pocket than an empty one.

Marie was making up a bundle of clothing. She looked up helplessly. "Richard," she said, "I have got some clothes here, but I have nothing to tie them with. What shall I do?"

Richard stepped over to a drawer, and, taking out a length of cord bought two days ago for the venetian blinds, handed it to her. "That will do to tie them with," he said; "but *ma mie*, don't take more than we can carry comfortably. We may have far to walk to-night."

Marie tied the cord round the bundle, and Richard passed his arm through it and stood up. Then he went into the dining-room, and returned in a moment carrying what appeared to be a stout staff, and a leather case, black and wrinkled with age, with a bristle of colored feathers protruding from it.

Marie looked at him, and raised her eyebrows.

Richard answered the unspoken question. "It is the old bow," he said—"the old bow that my father left me. He said that it had brought luck to our family, and would bring luck again. Who knows?" and he laughed mirthlessly. "We have need of luck these days, and at least it will help you to walk. Now we must go; *they* may be here at any moment."

He handed the old bow to his wife, and, heaving the untidy bundle on to his shoulder, turned towards the door without a glance behind at the home he was leaving; and Marie followed.

The road outside was clear. The Van Baarms were the last to leave Thulin, and they turned their faces westward, Marie using the great bow as a staff, and Richard carrying the bundle. For an hour or so they walked steadily, with few words exchanged. Folk who have left their home and the life to which they have been used behind them are apt to be too occupied with their own thoughts for conversation.

Then from the direction in which they had come rose a rhythmic clatter and jingle which, once heard, can never be mistaken—the sound of cav-

alry on the march—and Richard groaned.

"The Uhlans!" he whispered to Marie. "We ought to have got away before. Ah, there they are;" and he pointed away over the fields to the left. In the moonlight they could see the glitter of bit and scabbard, and could make out the long lances and flat-topped helmets; and Richard gripped Marie by the arm and hurried her along, both of them bent almost double.

Then came a shout, and half-a-dozen horsemen detached themselves from the main body, and came over the fields toward the road at a smart trot.

Marie van Baarm gave a little whimpering cry, and tried to run, but collapsed. She had twisted her ankle on one of the smoothly polished cobblestones of the *chaussée*. Richard looked up at the sky, and his lips moved. Well he knew what to expect: for himself, a bullet or lance-thrust; for Marie—well, that did not bear thinking about.

Then quite suddenly Richard van Baarm's face changed to that of another man. The jaw came forward and outward, and the eyes seemed to retreat under the brows and to become narrow and very keen. He stooped and picked up the bow from where Marie had dropped it. Then, without haste, but still swiftly, he took the thick cord from the bundle, measured it against the bow in his hand, and tied two loops in it. Then he slipped one loop into its nock, and, placing the great bow against his foot, with one swift easy movement he bent it, and slipped the other end of the cord over it.

The old bow stood the strain nobly. For all its five hundred years it had been oiled and cared for by generations of Van Baarms, and was still as stiff and sound as when the knife of Wat Denton the Canterbury armorer

had lopped it from the old yew-tree in Barham churchyard.

Richard emptied the quiver. Six arrows there were in it—three-foot shafts with vicious steel-pointed heads. Then, with the same ordered swiftness as if he were doing something to which he was well accustomed, he stuck them in the ground close to his right hand, and peered forward.

The Uhlans were not more than a hundred and fifty yards off—six of them. The rest of the squadron had passed away over the fields, and were already out of sight.

The six men came on at a trot, laughing together. One man and a woman to deal with! Very good. They would have some fun with both of them—especially with the woman—before they rejoined their troop. They had their captain's orders: "Let those swine of Belgians see what it means to resist the Kaiser's soldiers," and they were going to obey them.

The Uhlans were not more than a hundred yards away now, and Richard van Baarm raised the old bow at the full extent of his left arm. As a boy he had indulged in the national sport of shooting at the popinjay, but he had never stood beneath the pole with the bird on top as he stood now. His left arm was stiff as a bar of iron, and his feet set wide apart for the utmost amount of purchase, and he was muttering to himself. Richard van Baarm spoke no word of any but his native language, yet the words he was using were not French. As he took an arrow from the ground beside him the words grew more distinct. They were the old orders of the master-bowmen of the English archers: "Draw your arrow, nock your arrow, draw your bow—loose!"

At the last word the bow twanged, and that sound was the last one ever
Chambers's Journal.

heard by the foremost of the Uhlans. The shaft took him full in the face, and he went backward off his horse with a rattle of lance and accoutrements.

Down came five lances with their black-and-white pennons to the "engage," and five tired horses were kicked into a gallop.

Twang! twang! twang! Three men were rolling on the ground. *Twang!* a shaft was through another one; and the sixth Uhlan swung his horse round and rode for his life from the silent flying death which had stricken his comrades down.

Richard van Baarm watched him go, with a set smile on his lips but none in his eyes. Then slowly the old bow went up, creaking to the strain on it, and the last shaft sped. In the back of the neck it struck the flying man, and he plunged forward, leaving his horse to gallop on alone.

There was a clatter of hoofs on the *chaussée* behind, and Richard van Baarm spun round. The road was full of mounted men, but one glance at their yellowish uniform and peaked caps showed him that they were not Germans.

The squadron commander rode forward and spoke in English. "I say," he said, "we saw the whole affair. I must congratulate you, sir, on a very smart piece of work. Six men with a bow—a bit medieval—what? Never mind; great point is that you've scuppered them."

But Richard van Baarm did not hear him. He was down on his knees beside his wife on the ground. The old bow lay beside him. Richard Barham's bow had sped its last shaft, and had saved a Barham's life and honor, as its first owner had foretold that long-past evening in Antwerp town.

Vere D. Shortt.

FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS.

It took my fancy one day to compile a book of familiar quotations for myself. I determined to eschew, as far as might be, all published collections, to read my English classics once again, track the well-known words to their lairs, and view them in those natural surroundings which sometimes—as in the case of Dr. Johnson's "My dear friend, clear *your mind* of cant"—give them an added meaning. And a very pleasant task it has been to wander at large over the great writings of the past with the further joy of a pursuit and an occasional prize.

But I found very soon that the path was beset by one great difficulty. Lost is the man who sets forth to capture familiar quotations without first forming in his mind a very clear idea of what a familiar quotation is. As well might he seek for some rare kind of butterfly without first studying the markings on its wings. He will find himself copying beautiful extracts into his fast-filling book till his soul is weary and his hand is cramped. To begin with, the quotation must be "familiar." Familiar to whom? Not, I take it, only to the prodigious memory of a Macaulay, nor yet necessarily to the man whose standard of literature is derived from continual study of the sporting press. Mr. Bartlett, in those earlier editions of his work for which he was personally responsible, sought to solve the question thus: "Many maxims of the most famous writers of our language and numberless curious and happy turns from orators and poets have knocked at the door, and it was hard to deny them. But to admit these simply on their own merits, without assurance that the general reader would readily recognize them as old friends, was aside from the purpose of this collection." But with-

out a definition of "general reader," this does not carry us any farther. I can only say that a reader who readily recognized one half of the quotations in that excellent book as old friends would be quite an exceptional person. For myself, I am inclined to think that the quotation must be familiar to the average man of literary taste and knowledge—which, it need hardly be said, is quite different from the man of average literary taste and knowledge.

In the new edition of "Bartlett"¹ all standard of familiarity seems to be thrown to the winds. It is a portly and delightful volume, admirably indexed, in which all who love literature and its "curious and happy turns" of expression may revel. The real familiar quotations, with some singular omissions,² are embedded in its mass. But, taken as a whole, its editor has produced a book of elegant extracts from some thousand authors of whom not one in ten has achieved the rare feat of contributing a familiar quotation to the language, while, of those who have, not one in five of the extracts there given can be fairly called familiar. "Many new authors," says the preface, "are represented by passages which have met with the seal of popular approval and are distinctly worthy of perpetuation." That may be so, but popular approval and a title to live do not always result in a familiar

¹ "Familiar Quotations," by John Bartlett; tenth edition, revised and enlarged by Nathan Haskell Dole. Macmillan and Co., London, 1914, 7/6 net.

² The most familiar quotation from Macaulay—"Then none was for a party," etc.—is missing. Bright's speeches are cited, but the most famous quotation of all—about "the Angel of Death"—is missing. Some of the best-known from Tennyson, e.g., "wearing the white flower of a blameless life," are missing. Instead of Johnson's "clear your mind of cant," we have a somewhat similar, but quite unfamiliar, extract from a letter of Carlyle to his wife. The whole of the "Ingoldsby Legends" is only represented by "right as a trivet" under the heading "Miscellaneous."

quotation—even if we concede those merits to such lines as “A moonlight traveller in Fancy’s land,” by Madison Julius Cawein, or “It was thy kiss, love, that made me immortal,” by Margaret Witter Fuller. As a matter of fact, apart from Rudyard Kipling and possibly a very few politicians, it would, I think, be a hard task to name a single living or very recent author of a really familiar quotation.

The new edition comes from America. I know not what may be familiar there, but, speaking as an Englishman, it is surprising to me how few familiar quotations America has contributed to our language in a century and a half. Longfellow, it is true, ranks high among the authors of them, for to produce even six or seven is a rare achievement. But, putting him aside, what have we? A few from Lowell and Bret Harte, a few sayings of Franklin and Abraham Lincoln,—the rest could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Emerson is a disappointment. Like Thoreau, he seems, in a style which some find irritating, to strain in almost every sentence to produce an immortal epigram. But his sole achievement in the way of a genuinely familiar quotation appears to be “Hitch your wagon to a star.” As for Daniel Webster, he may have remarked, “Thank God, I—I also—am an American,” and “It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment—Independence now and Independence for ever,” but I utterly decline to believe that these pronouncements on his personal feelings, however important, are jewels sparkling for ever upon the stretched forefinger of all Time. So, too, Washington may have informed the Houses of Congress that “To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.” If so, his audience, unless they forgot their New Testament, cannot have

been impressed by the originality of the sentiment. At any rate, neither Washington nor Vegetius, whose “*qui desiderat pacem præparet bellum*” he was ponderously translating, can claim to have produced a familiar quotation. That was reserved for the unknown author who boiled the whole thing down to “*Si vis pacem, para bellum.*”

As I have mentioned translations, perhaps I may remark in passing that, except in the case of the Bible, I doubt whether any merely literal translation has become a familiar quotation. I protest against finding pages of lines from Pope’s *Iliad* and *Odyssey* set out as familiar quotations from Pope. Schiller wrote—

Ich habe genossen das irdische Glück,
Ich habe gelebt und gellebet,

and “I have lived and loved” is no more a familiar quotation from Coleridge than “He makes a solitude and calls it—peace!” is one from Byron. Sometimes, however, the words of a foreign writer are so paraphrased and stamped with an English form that an English familiar quotation results. Dante, for instance, gives us—

Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.

The true English familiar quotation is not, *pace* “Bartlett,” Longfellow’s bald and literal translation—

There is no greater sorrow
Than to be mindful of the happy time
In misery,

but Tennyson’s immortal English equivalent;—

This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow’s crown of sorrow is
remembering happier things.

So, too, Longfellow himself produced the most familiar of all his “quotations” when he wrote:—

Though the mills of God grind
slowly, yet they grind exceeding
small,

Though with patience He stands wait-
ing, with exactness grinds He
all,

although it be described as a translation from the German of Von Logau.³ Estienne, again, may have written "*Dieu mesure le froid à la brebis tondu*" somewhere in the sixteenth century and George Herbert have reproduced it in English soon after as "To a close-shorn sheep God gives wind by measure." But it was when the piteous Maria, in the *Sentimental Journey*, said that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" that the quotation assumed its deathless English form, whatever doubts the hypercritical may raise as to the practice of shearing lambs.

But we must hark back to our consideration of what a familiar quotation is. If it be granted that the rule that it must be familiar to the average man of literary taste and knowledge is fairly satisfactory, there still remains the formidable task of settling what we precisely mean by a "quotation." And first comes the question of length—as difficult as the old problem how many stones make a heap. I do not admit that a mere phrase, however famous, is in itself a quotation. "Forcible Feeble" is not a quotation, though it comes from Shakespeare. But a phrase may be the heart of what is a quotation as a whole—"village Hampden," for instance, or "Patience on a monument." On the other hand, if mere phrases must be excluded, so must long passages, however famous. Hamlet's soliloquies are not quotations as a whole, however many they may contain. It is hard to draw the line, but perhaps the simplest thing is to

say that a quotation must be quotable. It must only be of such length that a speaker could introduce it into an ordinary speech without being accused of giving a recitation.

But there is another distinction yet harder to draw, that between a familiar quotation and an extract that is familiar because it is drawn from a familiar work. Some may deny that such a distinction exists, but I warn them—*experto crede*—that if they try to make a collection of quotations without it, they will find themselves simply copying out large blocks of such poems as Gray's *Elegy*, *The Ancient Mariner*, *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, or *In Memoriam*, not to mention *Hymns Ancient and Modern*. Let the collector be firm, for, if he once admits such things as "Toll for the brave" or the last words of Marmion into his selection, he will soon weary of his labor. A quotation must, as a rule, stand on its own merits, unaided by its surroundings. But those merits may be of different kinds. Sometimes they consist in some singularity of expression, as in—

His honor rooted in dishonor stood
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely
true,

and sometimes in sheer poetic felicity, as in—

Whose dwelling is the light of setting
suns—

a line which Tennyson described as "almost the grandest in the English language, giving the sense of the abiding in the transient"—or, to give an example from what in form is prose, the immortal sequel to Uncle Toby's sinful expletive:—

The accusing spirit, which flew up
to heaven's chancery with the oath,
blushed as he gave it in; and the
recording angel, as he wrote it down,

³ It is singular that Bartlett never mentions Longfellow as the English translator, though—as he points out—Von Logau was himself only translating the first line from Greek into German.

dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever.

To the rule, however, that a quotation must stand on its own merits, one qualification must, I think, be admitted. Historical associations may confer a perpetuity otherwise undeserved. Such happy fortune befell Mr. G. W. Hunt's allegation in 1877 that we don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do—! And I am not sure whether "*O Liberté, que de crimes on commet en ton nom!*" would have survived, if some one had not pretended that Madame Roland said it on the scaffold.

One of the most interesting studies for the collector is the proportion in which genuine familiar quotations have been contributed by various authors and the reasons why some have so greatly surpassed others. It might be supposed that the question depended on the extent to which the author was read, but this can be by no means accepted without reserve. Some authors who are widely read and popular have, as we shall see presently, contributed few or none; and, on the other hand, some of the best known quotations are the creation of writers whom even our man of average literary taste and knowledge rarely reads at all.⁴ The truth is that among our minor writers there probably is a fairly large output of sentences that deserve to be familiar, but in most cases waste their sweetness on the desert air. Of these a few, by some happy accident, which it may now be hard to trace, have been raised to fame. Perhaps they have been rescued by an anthologist or quoted on some celebrated occasion or set to popular music or dinned into the ears

⁴ Butler, of course, though but little read, is prolific in quotations. This is due, I suspect, to the fact that "*Hudibras*" was very widely read in earlier times, and to his peculiar aptitude for turning out quaint and happy couplets, of which one of the happiest is—

True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shined upon.

of the public in the course of a popular play. To the anthologist, perchance, we owe the fame of Lovelace's two immortal lines and Wither's

If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

and Shirley's

Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Perhaps the musical setting has popularized Montrose's

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

As for the stage—who quotes from the *Bab Ballads*? All the familiar *mots* of Mr. Gilbert are wedded to Sir Arthur Sullivan's music and the boards of the Savoy. It was *The Beggar's Opera* that gave us "How happy could I be with either," and

'Tis well to be merry and wise,
'Tis well to be honest and true;
'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new,

was the motto by an unknown author used by Maturin for the play of *Bertram*, upon which Coleridge poured the vials of his wrath.

Scott, of course, is no minor author, but I have sometimes wondered who first rescued

One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name

from the top of chapter xxxiv of *Old Mortality*—where, by the way, it is described as anonymous.

It would be very interesting to follow up these examples of anonymous quotations by others; still more so to deal with those which, far from being anonymous, have been fathered upon more than one celebrated writer. There is, for instance—

Take, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,

which is claimed for Shakespeare, for Fletcher, and for Beaumont;⁵ and there is the still more curious case of

And the Devil did grin, for his darling
sin
Is pride that apes humility,

which is attributed with equal confidence to Southey and to Porson, while Coleridge asserts positively that he wrote it himself!⁶ But thereby hang tales too long to tell now. Let us hark back to our discussion.

While many familiar quotations are from authors who are little read, most of them come, undoubtedly, from those who are read widely. But, as I have already said, because an author is read widely it by no means follows that he has given many "quotations" to the language. Whether he does so or not must depend, I think, on whether his general style has or has not certain characteristics which mark those "quotations" which become familiar. These characteristics I take to be lucidity of thought coupled with terse expression in exceptionally felicitous language. The felicity may be due to one or more of many causes—verbal magnificence, a happy turn of phrase, a striking simile or metaphor, a quaint antithesis. But perhaps the most celebrated of all are distinguished by an utter and largely monosyllabic simplicity, by what we call

a sheer inevitableness. We feel, as we read them—Lovelace's couplet, for instance—that the thought has been expressed once and for all time.

Now let us group our famous authors according as they are, or are not, fruitful in familiar quotations. Of Shakespeare it were idle to speak. He towers above all, rivalled only by the collective authors of the Bible, and has played a part in moulding the phraseology of our language which impresses us the more as we read him again and again. I would only remark, incidentally—and with no controversial intent—how Bacon resembles him in power of pregnant aphorism. "Money is like muck, not good except it be spread." "God Almighty first planted a garden." So Shakespeare himself might have written. And how happy is this, even though it is less familiar:—

As for philosophers, they make imaginary laws for imaginary commonwealths, and their discourses are as the stars, which give little light because they are so high.

If I were asked who ranked next to Shakespeare in the number of familiar quotations he has given to the language, I should reply, without hesitation, "Tennyson." If this claim be challenged, let the doubter take a copy of his poems, mark the "quotations" in them and add them up—or copy them out. And, after all, is it surprising? Tennyson had, surely, just the characteristics as a writer which produce quotations of the ornate kind. He was a master of language, but he did not write with an easy flow. What he loved to do was to take a thought and carefully set it in jewels and chased gold. It was what Emerson strove to do in prose, but without the same genius or lucidity, and therefore without the same success. It was what Milton did, with better concealed art

⁵ Bartlett says the words occur in "Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Bloody Brother.'" But it seems to be generally agreed that "The Bloody Brother" is not by Beaumont, though possibly based on an early work of his written about 1604—the year in which "Measure for Measure" was first performed. Of the four or five authors who are believed to have had a hand in the play Mr. G. C. Macaulay, in the "Cambridge History of English Literature," attributes Act V. Scene 2—where the Lyric appears with an additional stanza—to Fletcher. Mr. Weber suggests that Shakespeare wrote the first stanza and Fletcher the second.

⁶ As between Southey and Coleridge I think the probability is that the latter wrote the lines. Bartlett impartially gives them—in slightly different forms—as a quotation from both. He ignores Porson's claims altogether. Yet the story of how Porson came to write them is very definite.

and the "quotations" from Milton are many. Pope, of course, ranks very high, with the less polished Dryden not far behind. Again, is it surprising? Was not the very aim and object of the earlier writers in the heroic metre to elaborate a compact "quotation" out of every line or couplet? Many were the effusions of this sort, written by many pens, but Pope's successes outweigh them all. Still, the cumbrous Johnson did not wholly fail, and to Campbell, carrying on the tradition (though he could pour out an unpremeditated lay when he liked), we owe the observations that distance lends enchantment to the view and that coming events cast their shadows before. But if I were asked who of all the writers of this type—the careful, unspontaneous writers, I mean, who chisel and polish their lines—has produced most familiar quotations in proportion to his total output, I should name Gray. In one instance he even achieved one of those rare super-quotations which have passed into the region of proverb—"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

But there is a group of poets of another type who have contributed not a few of our familiar quotations. Their style is not labored or ornate, but is distinguished by simplicity and the power of occasionally expressing themselves in a simply perfect way. Burns, Goldsmith—whose triumphs in this line are by no means confined to the *Deserted Village*—Cowper, in a lesser degree, Scott, and Coleridge, whose genius in combining distinction of style with simplicity of diction seems to me almost unique, belong to this group. I should like to add Coventry Patmore, for he is an eminently quotable writer, as in this:—

She who, wise as she was fair,
For subtle doubts had simple clues,

or this:—

The foolish, fashionable air
Of knowing all and feeling nought,

or this:—

Female and male God made the man,
His image is the whole, not half.

But, for some reason or other, he is not read as he deserves, and not one quotation from him can be claimed as familiar.

Wordsworth's case is a peculiar one. As a rule he jogs along without effort, wordy, wise, not witty, sometimes downright prosy and dull. Taking his general characteristics, we should not expect to find him in the very front rank among the authors of familiar quotations. Yet so he undoubtedly is. For, suddenly, and still without apparent effort, he would soar up from the dead level into lines as magical as our language contains, and speak to us of the "light that never was on sea or land," or of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago."

Byron, on the other hand, though he gives us a number of familiar quotations, is not so prolific in them as, with his wit and pungency, his large output, and the enormous vogue he once enjoyed, we might have expected. Perhaps the reason is that he is a poetical rhetorician, more prone to write at large in passages sonorous but not terse.

And now let us turn for a moment to those great writers who have produced few or no familiar quotations. They are mostly those sweet and fluent singers who cared more for the music of the song as a whole than for the beauty of the particular phrase. I do not think Spenser or Swinburne has given us one familiar quotation. In all Shelley I can only find a doubtful three—the four lines beginning "The desire of the moth for the star," the stanza beginning "We look before and after," and the couplet about "The

gloom of earthquake and eclipse." In all Keats I can only find two—the first line of *Endymion* and the last two of the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, unless, indeed, his own sad epitaph be another. In Mrs. Browning I can find none. As for her gifted husband, many fine passages from his writings are cited in many serious books. But his style was marked by neither polish nor lucidity, and, though the whole Browning Society cry scorn upon me, I will maintain that the real familiar quotations from his copious works are singularly few.

The pursuit of these gems of literature is a fascinating hobby. But there is one drawback. Misquotations become as irritating as false notes to a musician. And yet, whether the cause be forgetfulness, carelessness, or "just enough of learning to misquote," how frequent they are!

Who never paltered with the truth for power

my pained eyes read in a leading journal the other day, and I could
The British Review.

only forgive the scribe when I found that Bartlett, by wholly ignoring the original (and superior) form of the quotation, may have thrown him back abruptly on his own resources.

The marble image of a mind for ever
Voyaging through strange seas of
thought alone

is generally held to be one of the finest things in Wordsworth. Why, O why, should another writer in a leading journal murder it by substituting "unknown" for "alone"?

Incarnadine the multitudinous seas

is not an improvement on Shakespeare's line, but I read it in a literary article in a review. Lastly "Bartlett" itself sleeps sometimes. "Like perfect music unto nobler words" may or may not occur in the *Life of Tennyson*, to which alone a reference is given. But to cite it as a "familiar quotation" from his works is to mutilate and misquote a well-known passage in *The Princess*.

Herbert G. Snowden.

MULLINS.

"This 'ere War," began Bill Corrigan, and the opening was so familiar that the line of men leaning against the factory-wall scarcely looked up from their pipes and papers, "may be right enough for them as was born with the martial instink, but for them as wasn't it's jest silly!"

They agreed with him, though languidly. The sentiment was in entire accordance with their mood: the sole objection to it was that they had heard it expressed by Bill many times before.

"Slackers?" he had echoed amiably, in reply to a persistent recruiting-sergeant in the early days "oo's de-

nyin' of it, mate? No, we ain't reg'lars, nor territorials, nor nash'nal volunteers, nor yet speshuls, an' we don't manufacture as much as a boot-lace for the bloomin' troops, an' we're about the only crowd in England as ain't ashamed to say so!"

And the rest, following Bill's heroic lead, were quite remarkably proud of the fact that they also weren't ashamed to say so. The thing had become a cult, a sort of fetish. They regarded each new recruiting-poster with amused interest; passed the barracks at the corner with light and careless steps, and made a decent bit overtime.

"'Eard yest'day," said Alf Chettle, "that they've got a noo recruiting-sergeant, name o' Cheem, at the barracks. Reckons 'e's goin' to wake us up. Got an idee that the other fellers that tried to make rookies o' me an' Bill didn't understand our temp'ryments."

There was a chorus of chuckles.

A little man in khaki who had been listening to the dialogue came nearer hesitatingly.

"Any o' you chaps live in Ponter Street?"

"I do," said Bill, suspiciously. "Why?"

"Met a feller at the Front that used to live in this neighborhood, an' 'e sent a message. Larky sort o' boy, 'e was, not more than sixteen, though 'e wouldn't own it. 'E was wounded in the ankle while we was retreatin', an' the Huns got 'im before we could carry 'im off. Late that night 'e crawled into camp, an' the things 'e told us before 'e died——"

"What name?" asked Alf, sharply.

"Mullins—Tim Mullins."

"Recollect 'im skylarkin' with my lads," said an older man. "Game little beggar, all freckles an' grin."

"'E was. 'Remember me to the old crowd in Ponter Street, if ever you're down that way,' 'e says; 'I bet the Fact'ry's workin' short-anded just now. I ain't done 'alf what I meant to,' 'e says, catchin' 'is breath, but there's plenty more, thank Gawd, to carry on. Guess there won't be many slackers in England when they reads the papers—only poor beggars as ain't got strength enough to fire a rifle or dig a trench.'"

Punch.

There was a short silence while the man in khaki filled his pipe.

"I can see all the fightin' I wants at a picture palace," said Bill gruffly.

"Maybe," said the man in khaki. "But I'm goin' out again soon's I get the chance. . . . Can't forget the look on young Mullins' face when 'e died. No, 'e wasn't no bloomin' martyr. But 'e'd done 'is bit, an' that was all that mattered."

"Last I saw o' the beggar," said the older man, "'e was playin' marbles with my Tom, 'When I grows up,' 'e says, 'I'm goin' to buy a farm, an' grow apples.'"

"An' now—'e won't never grow up," said Alf.

"No," said the man in khaki, "nor won't die, neither. There's life, mate, an' there's death, an' there's another thing they calls immortality, an' that's what Mullins found."

The hoarse roar of the factory hooter filled the air, and the men began to drift towards the entrance. Within the yard Bill came to a sudden halt.

"Anyone care to look in at the barracks to-night?" he demanded huskily.

"Don't mind if I do," said Alf.

A dozen others straggled across and said they felt like coming to join them.

The man in khaki watched them. If Bill had made a discovery, so had he—a discovery not uncommon among those whose talk is of the elemental things of life. His subject had been greater than he had suspected.

Turning away, he came face-to-face with an officer. He saluted briskly.

"Well," said the officer, "any luck?"

"Pretty fair, Sir," said Cheem.

LITERARY REALITY.

I read a preface the other day in which the writer, in a happy phrase, spoke of the "literary reality" of Dickens's characters. Dickens claimed for his characters something more than that. He was not content that they should be real people in literature: he was anxious that they should be accepted as exact representations of real people in life. "What is exaggeration to one class of minds and perceptions," he wrote in this connection, with special reference to *Martin Chuzzlewit*, "is plain truth to another. . . . I have never touched a character precisely from the life, but some counterpart of that character has incredulously asked me, 'Now really, did I ever really see any one like it?'" This test—not of literary reality, but of literary realism—was applied to the novels of Dickens towards the end of the nineteenth century, and as a result Dickens fell out of fashion for a time. No one could deny his genius as an observer, but his observation was thought little of by many people as the observation of a caricaturist. His characters were considered to be mean without being true to life. They were ugly without being fascinatingly filthy. They were not sufficiently idealized, on the one hand, to satisfy the romantic and the æsthetic; and, on the other hand, were not sufficiently chipped and rubbed and dulled into the semblance of commonplace people observed by a commonplace eye to please those who had a taste for what was called realism. They lost their hold, one might say, because many people came to care more for literary realism than for literary reality.

On the whole, I think, this recurrent demand for realism makes for sanity in literature. At the same time, it is obvious that it is not realism, but

reality, which is the ultimate excellence in fiction or in drama. Realism is the result of observation; reality is the result of imagination. And, though no artist is of great importance who is entirely deficient in either of these gifts, who can doubt that imagination without observation is artistically (if not absolutely) preferable to observation without imagination? Imagination by itself can give reality to three-headed elephants and genii that come out of bottles like a smoke, and a world where men drink magic ale that keeps them perpetually young. Observation alone, on the other hand, would be impotent to give reality to the passion of a Romeo and Juliet, or to the anguish of a Prometheus on the rock, or to the drunkenness of a Falstaff. Observation can clothe a man and skin a man and disembowel a man. But it cannot make a man. It can only make the imitation of his dress, his habits, his gestures. The nineteenth-century demand for naturalism was the outcome of a scientific as much as of an artistic impulse. Men longed for documents about their fellows. They no longer wished to know how some distant pedestalled figure out of a world in which people dressed more like actors and actresses than men and women made love. They were anxious to know how the spotty little man in the bowler hat with moustache askew made love. They desired information more than imagination. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer says in one of his books that Mr. Henry James came to Europe in order to prepare Blue Books about European society for his countrymen. If Mr. James can be described as a compiler of Blue Books, what of the real realists of the nineteenth century? When Flaubert gave *Madame Bovary* as a

sub-title "Mœurs de Province," he made it clear that he, too, was affected by the Blue Book ideal of literature. Huysmans, Zola, Ibsen, Gissing (to lump men of genius and of talent together)—one may like or dislike them, but the student of social history at least will have to turn to them for the valuable information they contain about the civilization of different parts of Europe in the nineteenth century. It would be unfair, however, to suggest that any of the greater novelists and dramatists among the realists were primarily concerned with issuing reports. They had a passion for truth, but it was artist's truth, not statistician's truth, at which they aimed. They rebelled against the falsification of life in the romances—against the pretence that stuffed lovers were real people, that the beggar maid was sure to meet her Cophetua, that life was, apart from an occasional villain, beautiful, that mawkishness was love, that happiness was where it was not. The figures of romance—of the general run of romances—had ceased to have any reality, literary or otherwise. They were tawdry lies, dolls for grown-up people. The artistic as well as the scientific spirit was bound to be restive till it had smashed those waxen faces. Even the most hideous face of a real man is more endurable than the monotonous vacuity of the face of a doll. The realists certainly did not shrink from making the faces of their men and women hideous. It was as if they were uttering a malicious protest. They seemed to be saying, "There you are. Take life at its foulest, its dullest, and its most miserable, and yet how beautifully interesting it is compared with those sickening and pretty shams!" Not that this will serve as a summary of the realistic movement. The realists went about their work not merely with the enthusiasm of protest but with the

enthusiasm of discovery. They had entered into possession of a new world—the world of sexual psychology, of slums, of men and women who dwelt not in castles but in stables and in sties—and must have felt as if literature had recovered its youth. Some of them were also inspired by the ideal of literature as a means of social redemption. Ibsen regarded himself as a prophet of a new society as well as of a new form of drama. In the end there was a danger that writers of imaginative literature might become more interested in facts about people or problems about people than in people themselves. Zola could endow mobs and systems with life, but he could seldom endow a man or woman with life. In Gervaise in *L'Assommoir* he drew one of the most real and distressingly tragic figures in modern literature. But that was because his imagination somehow for the time broke out of bounds. Ibsen was different. Even in his most realistic phase he never lost the individual character in characteristics. His plays are horribly and beautifully filled with real people from Dr. Stockmann and Nora Helmer to Gregers Werle and the husband of Hedda Gabler. This is because, unlike Zola, Ibsen approached his characters in the mood of the poetic creator. When Brandes said in a phrase that has become famous that Ibsen had once had a Pegasus shot under him, he was wrong. Ibsen's Pegasus was never shot. It carried him into unaccustomed regions: that was all. At the same time it is interesting to find the poetic creator in him ultimately turning away once more from the straight roads and treeless levels of realism. Nothing could be more significant of the difference between literary realism and literary reality than the intense reality of the later characters of Ibsen after he had thrown realism overboard. Is there

any character in drama who more unquestionably and impressively—almost to a painful degree—exists than Solness, the master builder? And his wife weeping over her nine beautiful dolls—how emotionally one accepts her as a created being! These people may be no more like flesh and blood as observed by common eyes than sylphs and salamanders. But Ibsen by his immense imaginative will has forced us to accept them as people who are as real as ourselves—the images and echoes of ourselves when we are stirred below the surface.

This is to admit in a measure that, even apart from realistic literature, we expect the characters in drama and fiction to conform to some kind of reality. Faust may not be conceived realistically in his adventures with Mephistopheles, but he is conceived realistically in the passion of his soul. Lear as he divides his kingdom may be like a figure in a fairy-tale, but in his tragic disillusionment he is the voice of the pain of the human race. Reality is something more than the representation of facts which can be proved. It is something recovered from the depths, something of the nature of which we know as little as of the life of a man before he is born. The great figures in literature are real, not always because they square with the life we understand, but frequently because they seem to carry about with them the secrets of the life we do not understand. The Greeks did well to demand of their tragic poets not figures of common life, but figures of ideal life. Tragic literature was to them the reflection of life seen, not as a drama of society, but as a drama of the gods. Those figures "greater than life" are certainly not less laden with reality than the lesser life-size figures of the realistic novelist. As a matter of fact, it is extraordinary how seldom the characters in realistic literature

are more real than people one has merely been introduced to. Scarcely ever are they as real as one's friends—one's friends who are always in point of fact "greater than life," as gorgeously exaggerated as Hamlet or Uncle Toby. It would be true to say that we create our friends, while we merely observe the rest of humanity.

I do not wish to be regarded, however, as attacking realism as a literary method. Obviously, to condemn any artistic method which has again and again been justified by its results is mere narrowness. All one can ask of any method is that it shall create real figures for the imagination—figures which send forth the soul on its travels. It was the bane of romance in its decadence that it never made a sign to the soul. It was all lies and pasteboard: at best, it was a pillow to soothe one into unconsciousness. Realism was at least a heroic reminder that literature was a form of vigilance, not a method of inducing slumber. The literature of the realists may not have opened its eyes to the greatest things, but it did at least open its eyes. Perhaps neither are the figures in Dickens which have the greatest reality always among the greatest things. Bailey, that exquisite exaggeration of a "boots," and Mr. Pecksniff in liquor, as he sways on the landing and speculates on Mrs. Todgers's idea of a wooden leg, have the literary reality of Helen and Cleopatra, but certainly neither of them is greater than life-size. But the difference between Bailey and Cleopatra is only the difference between comic reality and tragic reality. They are both real with the intimate reality of one's own feelings rather than with the observed reality of one's next-door neighbors. Dickens, like every great artist, filled the world with new existences, where realists are content with laboriously copying the old.

The New Statesman.

Robert Lynd.

ENGLAND TO PAY FOR ALL.

BY A NEUTRAL OBSERVER.

An officer of the German General Staff, animadverting upon the advantages derived by the Allies from the supplies of munitions furnished by neutrals, said to me:—"The matter is simple. We must defeat the Russians—not merely drive them back so that they can recover and come on again, but defeat them *à fond*. Then we shall be free to turn our attention to the west, and to undertake the invasion of England."

"Calais in the hands of Germany is a key to world power" is a main article of the German creed. Imperialists believe that Calais must be secured if a lasting peace is to be attained. It is part of their programme to include in the territory to be annexed not only Belgium, not merely Calais and Boulogne, but to extend the western boundary of the Empire as far west as Berck-Plage, an old Flemish (i.e., "German") fishing village and seaside resort some fifteen miles southwest of Boulogne. With the frontiers of the new Germany extended to this point, they believe that Germany—no longer bottled up in the North Sea and compelled to dip her colors to England—will have fulfilled her mission and secured for herself "a place in the sun."

This is the serious conviction of many Germans. Unless the Allies' offensive in the West develops a driving power not hitherto revealed, and a powerful check is inflicted on German arms in the near future, it would appear probable that the German General Staff will endeavor to carry out its original plan and make a vigorous thrust towards Calais and England.

It is important to understand what "England," divested of the much-advertised feelings of "hatred," means to

the intelligent German to-day. To the Germans, England has been from time immemorial the one country where they have carried on their work of peaceful penetration and, by slow stages, gained control of the business world. When, in the past, this control became threatening or irksome they have been driven out. A German pointed out to me that, by a curious coincidence, it was on August 4, 1598, that the German merchants of the Hanseatic towns were expelled from England for commercial reasons, and that on August 4, 1914, the present war was declared by England—as Germans pretend, for similar causes.

At the outbreak of the war there were 38,000 male German subjects in Great Britain engaged in various branches of commerce and industry. In London alone there were 60 German clubs, 11 German churches, several German schools and hospitals, a number of German journals, and a German theatre. Great Britain was regarded as a sort of commercial and industrial "El Dorado" which attracted many of Germany's most competent and efficient men.

Germans with whom I spoke seemed to realize that the fruits of this labor have been irretrievably lost. This is to them a matter of deep regret. One German timidly inquired, "Do you think Germans will be welcome in England after the war?" To the German who has never been abroad, England appears not merely the great commercial competitor of Germany but a country of fabulous wealth. Everywhere I heard the remark in reference to the vast expenditure caused by the war, "Oh! England can pay." Germans believe that it is England alone who will be in a position to pay the

expenses of the war; and every German holds that England must pay them. France and Russia, Italy, Turkey—nay, Germany herself—will be rendered almost bankrupt by the war.

England alone will be able to stand the strain. So England will be compelled to pay. And the Germans are already busy calculating the probable indemnity. Germany received from France $2\frac{1}{2}$ times the total cost of the campaign of 1870-71. Reckoning on this basis, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Turkey should receive 75 milliards of marks (£3,750,000,000), but it is probable that this total will be doubled before the end of the war. The principle of Bismarck, that the defeated enemy must be "bled white" in order to prevent him from giving trouble in future, is to be enforced. Every German believes that a huge war indemnity will be paid by England. As it will not be possible to pay off so large a sum in a year or two, it is evident that the invasion and occupation of England are essential to secure payment. England is the chief enemy, because she is held to be the richest, and best able to pay for the war.

Ideas such as these are current in all parts of Germany. I heard them expounded at the "Stammtische," in restaurants in Hamburg, Leipzig, and other German cities. Though the war has lasted longer than was anticipated, every German is prepared to see it through to the end, no matter how great the sacrifice; and the invasion of England is the essential feature of the next German campaign. It is the conviction of the Germans that, should a landing in England once be made, the unopposed conquest of

The London Times.

the southern counties would follow. As a German stated with much seriousness, "When William the Conqueror came over from Normandy it never occurred to the inhabitants of London to offer any resistance; and this will be the case to-day." In the German opinion, troops untrained in actual modern warfare, volunteers who have never been in action, could not offer serious resistance to a small army of veteran troops.

The Germans believe that by using Calais as a base they can, with their new guns, having a range of over 26 miles, sweep the Channel clear of hostile ships and not merely destroy Dover, but cover a landing of their troops. This is to be carried out in small aluminium boats—held in readiness for the purpose—which could easily be transported overland. Submarines would ensure further protection if needed. Germans are confident that the confusion resulting from an air raid, carried out on a stupendous scale by all available German aircraft, will permit the rapid advance of the landing force on London.

In view of the nature of present military operations and the greater difficulties that have been overcome by the fighting forces in other theatres of war, the German plan cannot be dismissed as outside the realm of possibility or even probability. "Calais is the key to German world power," and it is reasonable to suppose that the Germans, believing this, will, when the occasion presents itself, endeavor to wrest this key from England. The importance of the task entrusted to the British troops holding the line not more than 30 miles east of Calais would seem to be at least as well understood in Germany as in England.

5.750
 18.750.000.000
 18.750
 37.500.000.000

THE ORGANIZATION OF INVENTION.

Mr. Wells's brilliant suggestion to organize invention strikes one at first sight as about as feasible as to turn on inspiration by a tap. The answer is that inventiveness is not inspiration nor genius; neither is it limited to one line. Almost everyone possesses some vein of inventiveness, though it may be neither rich nor prolific. Man is always being driven to improvise devices to meet the chance mishaps that each day casts up, and this adaptiveness or inventiveness differs not in kind but in degree from the quality of the great inventors. There resides in them an imperative need to test and contrive. It is rooted, perhaps, in a vivid critical faculty which meets problems afresh, and discerns at once the real clumsiness of the contrivances that have been shaped to solve them. Or it realizes some handicap or disability under which men are content to labor, and automatically casts about for some makeshift to remove it. Nor is this faculty a narrow and sectarian gift. Men like Sir Hiram Maxim turn their minds as readily to the devising of a machine gun, an inhaler for bronchitis, or a contrivance for keeping the aroma of coffee.

But these men are born not made, in the sense that no amount of training seems to turn a man of science into an inventor, though no research can be prosecuted without much inventive skill which is daily exercised. A line of research is formulated in such a way as to challenge inventive skill at the outset: an investigation into the nature of radium emanation—or something far narrower. One has at the very commencement to think what tests one can apply to the emanation; how, to begin with, can we house it, how manipulate it, and so forth. Everyone who has done scientific research has had to go through

such a discipline, and there must be thousands of them in this country. In at least one British University, though a man technically secures his honors degree by examination, he is compelled to prosecute a year's research upon some problem agreed upon between him and the professor, before he can actually take his degree; and it is on the research that he is classified. But this is virtually to organize invention, as it certainly is to train inventive skill. The type of mind which devised, say, the Galitzin seismograph, not only to detect the measure but even to locate the site of an earthquake, should not be at a loss in coming to grips with the problems represented by the submarine and the torpedo. Each of these suggests a series of physical problems. They have speed, momentum; they move in the physical medium which is subject to stresses and strains, and can carry an impetus communicated to it, whether this be sound or corporal movement. But the registration of these factors is a purely physical problem. We hear sounds by their impact upon a sensitive membrane, and the development of submarine signalling has shown that sounds, even under water, are registrable. Presumably the movement of a submarine can then be heard, and if heard, since we know within fairly narrow limits the range of its speed, and, consequently, pitch of its sound, can be located within reasonable limits. That would certainly seem to be a problem capable of treatment and amenable to regulation; and if it were solved, one side of the submarine's activities would be greatly restricted. The difficulty probably consists in recognizing the sounds at a sufficiently great distance; but it is impossible to think this beyond the reach of research.

Let us pursue this problem of the submarine. If the submarine could be detected when moving, there still would remain the problem of detecting it when lying in wait for its prey. The advantage of the submarine is that the superficial area of its periscope exposed in sighting a vessel is so extraordinarily small as compared with that of the vessel sighted. Yet that advantage surely could be readjusted. A searchlight is supposed to be practically impossible to hit. Is there nothing in that suggestion? If so bright a glare could be thrown round a vessel perpetually, the submarine problem would be met, since it would be unable to locate the vessel with sufficient accuracy. And even when the submarine is below it should not prove impossible to locate. A camera obscura arrangement has before now been used to look into the sea, and its adaptations to the submarine problem are obvious. Indeed, there are numbers of lines of research which might profitably be followed up in connection with this one problem—the detection and location of a submarine either stationary or moving. How to deal with it when detected opens up another field of inquiry. To direct a torpedo, the submarine officer must have taken the bearings of the ship and must steer his torpedo by those bearings. Is there no means of putting his compass out of order? If that could be accomplished, all advantage of having taken observations of the ship would be taken away. Again, a purely physical problem which should not be beyond the capacity of numbers of young and eager research students. Granted that a submarine can be detected when stationary or moving, and that its compass can be put out of action, there remains the problem of dealing with torpedoes generally. This may be taken as an alternative line of defence.

The Nation.

Take another example of the value of organizing invention so as to bear on the problems of the war. It probably sounds purely visionary to suggest that it might be possible to prevent torpedoes reaching a vessel at all. Yet the problem can be resolved into simple physical elements. It is this. Given a steel bar moving with a given velocity, and therefore having a given momentum, it is required to produce at a given point a force such that the steel bar will be diverted by a given amount. That does not seem insuperable. A physicist frequently diverts a steel bar from its line of motion, and the same principles might be adapted to this particular need. These are purely physical problems which any physicist would at once resolve into their simplest physical factors. There are other problems which are physico-chemical. Hints have been heard many times of means of exploding explosive at a distance, and it is probable that such expedients will be part of the general military apparatus of the future.

There is at least one more problem which is almost wholly chemical: the problem of poisonous gases. If the United Kingdom stands for anything in science, it stands for originality, and we have as many first-rate chemists as physicists. It is probable that there is a little more vision in the chemists than in the physicists, and the problem of how to deal with chlorine or carbon monoxide, or whatever other gas may be used, should not be beyond the powers of numbers of British chemists. Certainly people like Mr. Wells, who shares with Jules Verne the distinction of having lived to see his scientific prevision justified, have a surer sense of the possibilities of science than the vast majority of people who might be expected to see things with a truer vision. Among these should be put down the great majority of men of science.

DETAIL AND DIGNITY.

Two generations ago Macaulay wrote: "There is a vile phrase of which bad historians are exceedingly fond: 'the dignity of history'"; and he proceeded, with his usual point and force, to show that, though historians should not record trifles, it is not always easy to distinguish trifles from events of great importance. There are trifles which are by no means trifling. Macaulay was comparing Sir W. Temple's despatches with the love-letters which, during a seven years' courtship, passed between him and the lady who became his wife, and he was pleading on their behalf for attention and respect. They were, it is true, love-letters, and not State papers; but love-letters which betrayed the social feeling of a period. There is no need for any such plea to-day. The tendency now is to overlook what is official and grave and to hunt out the love-letters, foibles, toys and trimmings of history. Macaulay would to-day doubtless have had something vigorous to say as to the passion which has seized upon many writers of converting historical literature into a sort of old curiosity shop, in which every sort of trifle is heaped up together. This is at present a far more common and a far graver evil than the formality and stateliness which Macaulay feared.

No one of course denies the value of detail. The very best biographies that have ever been written—those of Samuel Johnson, Samuel Pepys, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Jean Jacques Rousseau—are full of personal scraps and fragments without which they would be cold, pallid and unhuman. No one questions that minute details frequently throw stronger light upon the times to which they belong than the most important public business; but it must also be admitted

that not all details are illuminating. How are we to distinguish? We must leave it to the sense, humor and imagination of the recorder. Dr. Johnson's nervous trick of touching the posts as he walked home at night is detail of the right kind. It makes his superstition live for us as no amount of statement could do. Boswell had the true genius for detail. The marvel of such a book as Boswell's "Life of Johnson" is that Boswell had a very clear conception of the great outlines of the character of Johnson and his companions, and instinctively picked out the details which brought into relief these great outlines. No circumstance can be too minute or vulgar if it helps the imagination to do its work. If it fails to do that—if a great mass of immaterial detail is introduced into descriptive, and especially biographical literature, the harm which is done is not confined to waste of time and space. Superfluous detail defeats the very object for which it is employed; for, instead of making us better acquainted with the thing described, it simply obliterates it from the eye of the mind. Detail, in more ways than one, is a dangerous master for the historian. The unimaginative smother themselves beneath it; and the imaginative are often tempted to make a false start from some vivid detail that catches their fancy. Carlyle, for instance, harps so constantly on the fact that Robespierre's complexion was "sea-green" (*verdâtre*), that his whole theory of the man is sensibly modified by it. Yet there is really little evidence for the fact. It may be that the person who so described him saw him when he was standing in a particular light, or when he happened to be bilious, or when he was bilious himself; and if any of these suppositions

is true, Carlyle's picture becomes unauthentic. Even if Robespierre was "sea-green," it does not follow that his character was either affected or expressed by the epithet. All this means that it is probably safer to say, generally, that Robespierre was a great rascal than to try to say, from details gathered from the onlooker, that he was a particular kind of rascal.

There is one particular way in which detail falsifies history. It is pointed at in the phrase so often used that this or that period in history was "a curious quaint time." "Quaintness" is a necessarily false impression. It is formed at almost any time by over-study of detail, and it is a very false and injurious impression, for it slurs the essential resemblances which exist between all ages, and leads us to think superficially of past times, as if the people who lived in them were characters in a costume play or novel, and not men and women like ourselves. It is no more "quaint" in reality to wear a square-cut coat, a cocked-hat, and shoes with buckles in them, than to wear Burberrys and a tail. A hundred years hence the one will probably seem as "quaint" as the other. The uniform of the foot guards a half-century ago, with its white lace epaulets and cut-away coat, was as "quaint" as anything could possibly be, yet no one thought it so whilst it was familiar to the eye. The outrageous eighteenth-century hoops are supposed to throw more light on the English of that day than cart-loads of despatches; but can anyone profess in our own day to learn very much about English character from "The Lady"? The truth is that we must be contented to be largely ignorant, not only about past times, but about our neighbors and even about ourselves; and though, if we choose, we can paint lively and clever caricatures of either the one or the other from observation of their

manners and their clothes, we can only cheat ourselves with the appearance of knowledge. We know that the Revolution happened in 1688, that there were great wars with the French during the next quarter of a century and that many books of various degrees of merit which still remain were written during the same period; but we shall not discover what manner of men and women they were who did these things from odds and ends about their manners, customs, hats and petticoats.

Independently of the deceitfulness of details, their profuse employment has a strong tendency to deprive literature, and especially historical literature, of its principal advantage. It is the function of literature and history to carry us out of what is temporary and accidental into what is permanent and essential. That a man was good or bad—that he was a great poet, a great statesman, or a great soldier—that he added to the common stock of knowledge, or that he committed crimes against his country and race—these are the matters which it is the business of literature to record. They may be recorded either by means of small things or by great ones. A man may display his character by the way in which he treats his dog as well as by the way in which he commands an army; but it is a poor thing to neglect the true object of history, and to degrade it into petty gossip. People who enjoy the minutiae which are so diligently collected in the present day for the purpose of "illustrating" past times are as a general rule anxious principally to be saved the trouble of anything like real or serious thought. They have a curiosity to know how the petty matters which they care for in the present day were managed in past times. The people who want to know what Napoleon wore at the battle of Waterloo are the people who study the costume

of a fashionable bride or wonder what the popular actor-manager has for supper. Nothing is more detestably vulgar than the anxiety which a certain class of people show to know the details of the daily life of celebrated living men. The popular author, actor, politician, is constantly beset by visitors who want to know whether he gets up earlier or sits up later than usual; whether he writes with a

The Saturday Review.

fountain or quill pen, how he feels when he is making speeches. Of course, when a man has been dead for more than a century, this kind of curiosity does not inflict the personal inconvenience which it does when it is applied to the living, but its essential character is the same. It is infected through and through with the vice which it is one of the principal objects of literature to repress.

BIRDS.

The long, low eighteenth-century house is swathed thickly in green, which affords cover for the starlings. Their queer, long, courting whistle went on through February and March—no chance of sleeping late of mornings—and now they are engaged in feeding their families. I do not know any birds which make their domesticities so public as the starlings. Not a yellow throat is fed but what you are aware of it. Such chuckles and gurgles were never heard except from the starlings.

I sit by the window of the house which is nearest the fowl-yard, overlooking a great stretch of sky and bog and hill. While I lie in bed of mornings, while I sit by my window, like Sister Anne—without an expectation of seeing anyone coming—I hear the cackling of hens close at hand. Those ladies are supposed to be kept to their own premises. I am told that they are so kept. But the cackling goes on. Oddly enough, there are always three cackles, no more, and they sound a little faint. Well, I know the ways of the "laying-out" hen, how shy and crafty she is. Still those three cackles and no more sound almost too moderate to express the joyful triumph of maternity. The coachman, the gardener, the maid-servants and the boys

at home from school are set to hunt in the thick branches of the Wellingtonia on the lawn, in the impenetrable hedge of laurel and holly for the eggs which are being "laid-out"—with no result. Not an egg rewards the searchers. Still I am positive. I wake to the three cackles and almost lie down to them. Till sitting all one afternoon by the open window I discover the cackling close to my hand, a starling. The mimicry is life-like.

Again the ring of a bicycle bell brings us to pop our heads out of window. We have been doing it for quite a considerable time without result before we discover that the bicycle bell is in the throat of the starlings.

At the other end of the house the starlings know nothing of the cackling of hens. A realistic miaowing of a cat this morning drew us to shoo away the intruder. The starlings again! I am told that on the battlefields of Flanders they are gaily mimicking the mourn of the shell on its path.

How little we know of what goes on inside a bird's head. A little while ago I was staying at the Shelbourne Hotel in Dublin. In St. Stephen's Green, just opposite the hotel, were ornamental waters upon which were a great many water-fowl. I have an impression that they hail from North-

ern latitudes. The Green is always crowded with tired men and women, with children of the slums, with people taking a short cut by this pleasant way from one thoroughfare to another, by the wounded soldiers from St. Vincent's Hospital in these days. Well, anything more sophisticated than those ducks I cannot imagine. You see them waddling between the feet of the crowd, crossing a children's game, wandering about at their own sweet will, real citizens of the world, accustomed to be fed and made much of and admired, without, one would say, possibility of any sensation beyond what their pampered life affords. Well, every night about mid-night came the quacking of the ducks and the beat of their wings as they rose above the considerable height of the hotel buildings. On the night of a storm they were more than usually wild, calling above the wind with ecstatic enjoyment. If you were awake at five a.m. you heard them coming back to their little water. Someone told me they went inland to some water where no one knew. I am inclined to think it was the migrating instinct which, here in Mayo, in those same bright, chill spring evenings, was sending the wild geese flying in a wedge so high that only a very keen eye could see them, though their crying seemed to trail on the ground, flying, flying to the north-west.

There are in Mayo, without exception, the loudest cuckoos I ever heard. That such a small bird should make such a great noise, like the ringing of a loud bell in the woods, seems almost incredible. Though the cuckoo rings his bell on and off all day long he lazes. On a very hot day recently he could not by any manner of means finish his "cuckoo" properly. He said "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" Then, after a pause, he said abruptly, "Cuck!"

One year I had the felicity in Hertfordshire of hearing the great contest of song between the cock nightingales which opens the season in England. The cock nightingales arrive a week before the hens and solace the waiting week by singing against each other. The Rev. Mr. Johns, the ornithologist, says that the first nightingales to arrive in England tryst at a certain Hertfordshire coppice, the whereabouts of which nothing would induce him to tell. Well, in that year of grace the coppice was thinned. The nightingales, arriving, did not approve of the innovation and deserted the coppice for a not very distant hedge which happened to divide my field from the next field. That was a week not to be forgotten. Perhaps it was not quite so wonderful an adventure as that of Mr. Kipling's boy who saw the elephants dance, but it was a very delightful adventure all the same.

Birds are sometimes uncanny. I was a visitor at an Irish country house where the host was in failing health. Some time before a much younger member of the family who lived at a little distance had died. The morning after my arrival—a beautiful summer morning—I was awakened about four o'clock by a steady sound of hammering which appeared to me as though someone were driving in a nail. The sound went on without intermission all through the morning. At breakfast I asked what the noise was. "It is that hateful magpie," I was told. "Every morning from the time the sun rises it taps at the poor old man's window. It used to tap at J——'s before he died. When J—— died it came here. It will not be driven off, and we have tried to shoot it, but in vain. It goes away during the day when the room is empty and comes back in the early morning. It disturbs the poor old man. We try to persuade him that it is a pet which has escaped and is seeking ad-

mittance." The magpie in this case disappeared after the second death.

Before I can finish this the starlings have added to their repertoire. They are sawing wood. Or are they mimicking the corn-crake which has begun in the meadows? The voice of the
The New Witness.

Irish summer, harsh in itself but honey-sweet in its memories and dreams of still nights, when one listens to it under a low thatched farmhouse roof when one was young and the beloved dead are yet with us.

Katharine Tynan.

THE VALUE OF SLEEP.

The poppies are just now unfolding in our gardens. Great scarlet heads raise themselves to the boughs of the apple-tree bending over them, vivid splashes of color against the tender green, and the air in their vicinity is drowsy with heavy odor. A letter has just been brought out, come from "somewhere in France," in which the writer speaks of the unspeakable boon of sleep in a little dug-out within sound of the guns, but free from the continual watchfulness of the trenches, in which he has served under incessant shell-fire for the space of ten long days and nights. Sleep and the poppy, inextricably mingled in our minds, and each a thing of enchantment and mystery; the entrance door to the land of dreams, scarlet flowers in the garden of life!

The physiologists have laid the act of sleep under the microscope of science, and reduced it to its component parts of mental and muscular relaxation, but to the individual it remains ever a renewal of wonder, gracious and infinitely comforting to tired minds and limbs when it comes without compulsion, drawing the whole nature softly into its embrace; tantalizing and a thing of mockery when it evades the call and deserts us in the hour of need; a state of which no counterfeited stupor, resultant on the use of drugs, can give any equivalent.

The greatest wonders of our existence are those we take for granted,

the automatic working of which proceed so regularly as to remain unnoticed—the act of breathing, the pulsation of the heart, the coming and going of unconsciousness brought about by sleep. It is only some hindrance, some temporary obstruction to the regularity of these functions which gives us to think and to realize their importance. At once we are involved in a conflict between our will and desire and the hidden processes of Nature, when too often we realize (the teaching of Christian Science notwithstanding) how weak is our mental control of the bodily machinery it is designed to govern. Particularly is this true of sleep.

The man who is best equipped to face the battles and hardships of life is the man who can sleep most easily and in the midst of unsuitable conditions, but as a rule the man of highly strung nervous organization, the best thinker and the most capable administrator, is he to whom mental oblivion comes with greatest effort.

Among the many disturbing features of the war must be placed, to the active participants in it, the loss of natural sleep. Special duty, night guards or marches, trench life, night nursing, mean the displacement of normal sleeping hours, and the substitution, as best can be managed, of rest in the time usually allotted to active occupation. It entails a reversal of old habits and an adaptation

to new conditions, difficult to many temperaments. All agree that the most useful soldiers, the best nurses, the most capable commanders of men are they who can snatch hours of sleep at unaccustomed times and in the midst of the least conducive circumstances.

It is now admitted that the need for sleep varies immensely with the constitution. Many can remember being raised on the lines of the historic maxim, "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a fool or growing child," but, like many another cast-iron rule of the Victorian Age, this one has perished before a larger understanding and more liberal outlook. The child, it is conceded, may sleep when it can, and as long as it can, with advantage to itself and those around it; to the mature person is left the onus of deciding the hours of unconsciousness needed to keep him in the pink of condition. The heroic examples of a Wellington, an Alexander, or an Edison are not for all to follow, and in these days of tension and highly strung nerves it is counted wiser to err on the side of overgenerosity.

The Victorians were not content to regulate the amount of sleep allowable; they went on to prescribe the hours in which it should be enjoyed. "Early to bed and early to rise" was authoritatively stated to produce wisdom and, above all, that comfortable competence which was the ideal of the last century; but no one has yet satisfactorily demonstrated why the hours before midnight are possessed of such especial charm. Indeed, it is safe to say that in these same still, dark hours much of the most wholesome gaiety and the best work of the world have been accomplished. Burning words have been set down from brains alive as at no other time; stores of learning have been acquired, great

tests made, and discoveries that have altered the destinies of men; when the garish life of the world is quiet, when the birds and beasts are still, and the stars look down from the infinite, the fount of wisdom brims to its highest and the lips of men are touched by the live coal of creative fire. All are creatures of habit, and this same custom of wakeful thought in the night hours may stand many in good stead who are now forced to keep watch the long night through in the silence and darkness of the trenches. It is not alone the lessening of physical disability which counts; it is the companionship of thought, and the power that has been acquired of detachment from material surroundings and communion with the hidden things of wisdom. What memories of books read and arguments sustained far into the small hours in the piping days of peace, what sudden illumination, here in this far-off, death-surrounded corner, of some knotty problem that not all the concentrated thought of those dear old days could bring to a satisfactory solution!

Sleep is a boon, but the abstention from it, like all self-sacrifice worthily undertaken, has often been crowned by blessings far greater than the thing abstained from, not the least of these being the power to do without it, unhurtfully.

But to the weary, they who are wounded in body or spirit, the gift of sleep comes straight from the hand of the gods. Always it has had about it somewhat of the glamour, the mystery of the supernatural. Into what regions is the soul withdrawn in its temporary oblivion, what lands of enchantment does it visit in those dreams which at times seem more real than life itself, nearer to the centre and heart of things? In the ancient cities there was a temple erected to the God of Sleep, where offerings were laid to en-

sure his protection during those journeys to his kingdom and a safe return to the ways of men. Always sleep has been symbolic of death, the long last journey into the unknown on which the soul adventures never to return, and beyond the portals of which all is mystery.

Some there have been, brought back from its very precincts, when the doors of earth had apparently closed behind them, who have likened the entrance into death as a falling asleep of the soul; physical effort and agony there may be, but the spirit was in the act of passing gently into oblivion when recalled to life. No one has ever succeeded in capturing the sensation of that moment when knowledge passes into unconsciousness. We try to sleep; it is impossible. We

The Academy.

compose our minds to stillness, our eyelids to quiet; but in vain. Thoughts start out like lines of fire in the dark; a hundred impressions occur; then suddenly, and without realization, the finger of sleep touches us, thoughts merge in dreams or become entirely silent, and our first consciousness is of the waking moment. That instant at which sleep came to us we know not, and the effort to realize it banishes it altogether, should we make that effort.

While writing, the scarlet petals of the giant poppy have fallen, gently, quietly asleep. The whole garden is drowsy in the hot sun, and dreams hover over it as they do in the gardens of enchantment. Poppies and sleep, never in our fancy can they be dis severed!

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

It is the duty of all little cripples with curly golden heads and angelic voices to die in childhood and bewept to the grave to go, but Miss Emma C. Dowd sees otherwise, and the hero whose soubriquet gives the title to "Doodles" lives, prospers, and goes on from good to better, until it seems as if the Presidency might come in his way, if he lived long enough. He is so altogether delightful a youth, that the only persons who grudge him any of his luck are a pernicious child "clad in scowls and a lace-collared coat," and a theatrical manager with small glittering eyes, and they come to signal grief, while Doodles and his friends march on to fortune and to fame, and the model policeman of the tale seems destined for nothing less than the Commissionership. By the

prettiest and most delicate touches, Miss Dowd teaches steadfast faith and hope, without one word of sermonizing. The six pictures in which Miss Maria L. Kirk exhibits Doodles and his friends, among them his wonderful bird, are echoes of the text, as they should be. Houghton Mifflin Company.

The disastrous effects of alcohol are so universal that it may be affirmed that no human being of maturity can assert that he is not personally acquainted with the whiskey evil, either through himself or some relative or friend. The appalling universality of this evil, together with a constructive plan for its cure are dramatically and powerfully portrayed by John Hay, Jr., in "The Man Who Forgot." He

tells the story of the man who through dissipation lost his memory, the only remaining impression being the very vivid one that drink was the cause of his trouble. This impression became the driving motive of his life. He did not determine to devote his life to the cause of prohibition, the whiskey horror drove him to the extent that he could do nothing else. National prohibition is his ideal, with places of amusement,—take away whiskey and furnish amusement. The love story is complicated by the fact that the hero does not know who he was or what he might have done before he lost his memory. Through his work and effort to save others he wins his own salvation, his memory is restored, and he knows himself free to wed the woman he loves. Doubleday Page & Co.

With an Oriental setting, plenty of fighting, and a genuine Hapsburg princess in disguise, "*The Princess Cecilia*" by Elmer Davis, has all the qualifications but the music for a first class light opera, and makes highly entertaining reading. The Sultan of Ambok, a remote island of the Pacific, is called by the death of his father to forsake his studies at Harvard and resume a life thoroughly Oriental. He takes with him a college chum, Sam Riddle, whom he makes his Poet Laureate. Riddle looks upon the whole proceeding as a rollicking adventure until he arrives at Ambok and finds that the Sultan is despised by the American colony and is not much more than a figure head among the natives in power. Riddle also finds himself practically in the position of a servant to the Sultan, who quickly sheds his veneer of Western civilization. There is a deal of politics in the book, and under the titles of Republican and Democrat old tribal

and racial hatreds find a cover. Election day amounts to a genuine civil war, throughout which Riddle acquits himself like an American citizen and a son of Harvard and wins the princess. The book is written in a charming style which is quite in keeping with the mood of the story and never becomes too serious. D. Appleton & Co.

When the heroine of Miss Caroline Wells's "*The White Alley*" pointed a Spanish dagger at the right clavicle of her betrothed supposing that to be the location of his heart, her vesture was about two yards of flaming scarlet stuff, held in place, according to the frontispiece, by a wide belt and transparent shoulder-straps, and in it she had been performing difficult new dancing steps to the delight of all other male beholders. Her betrothed scolded her and then followed the exhibition of the dagger, and the disappearance of the betrothed. As all the windows and outer doors of his house were fast locked and secured by the burglar-alarm it was searched for him, and then appeared Mr. Fleming Stone, the solver of mysteries whom Miss Wells has presented in five other novels; he discovers the missing man and also the reason for his disappearance, after all his friends have lain under suspicion of murder long enough to be grateful. There is no extraordinary novelty about all this and Miss Wells's attitude toward her work is that of humorous deprecation, but she never allows the attention of her readers to be diverted from the necessity of discovering exactly what followed the threat, and who used the fateful dagger. She follows Poe rather than Sir Conan Doyle in the treatment of her theme and that is no small recommendation. J. B. Lippincott Company.